Saturday Review

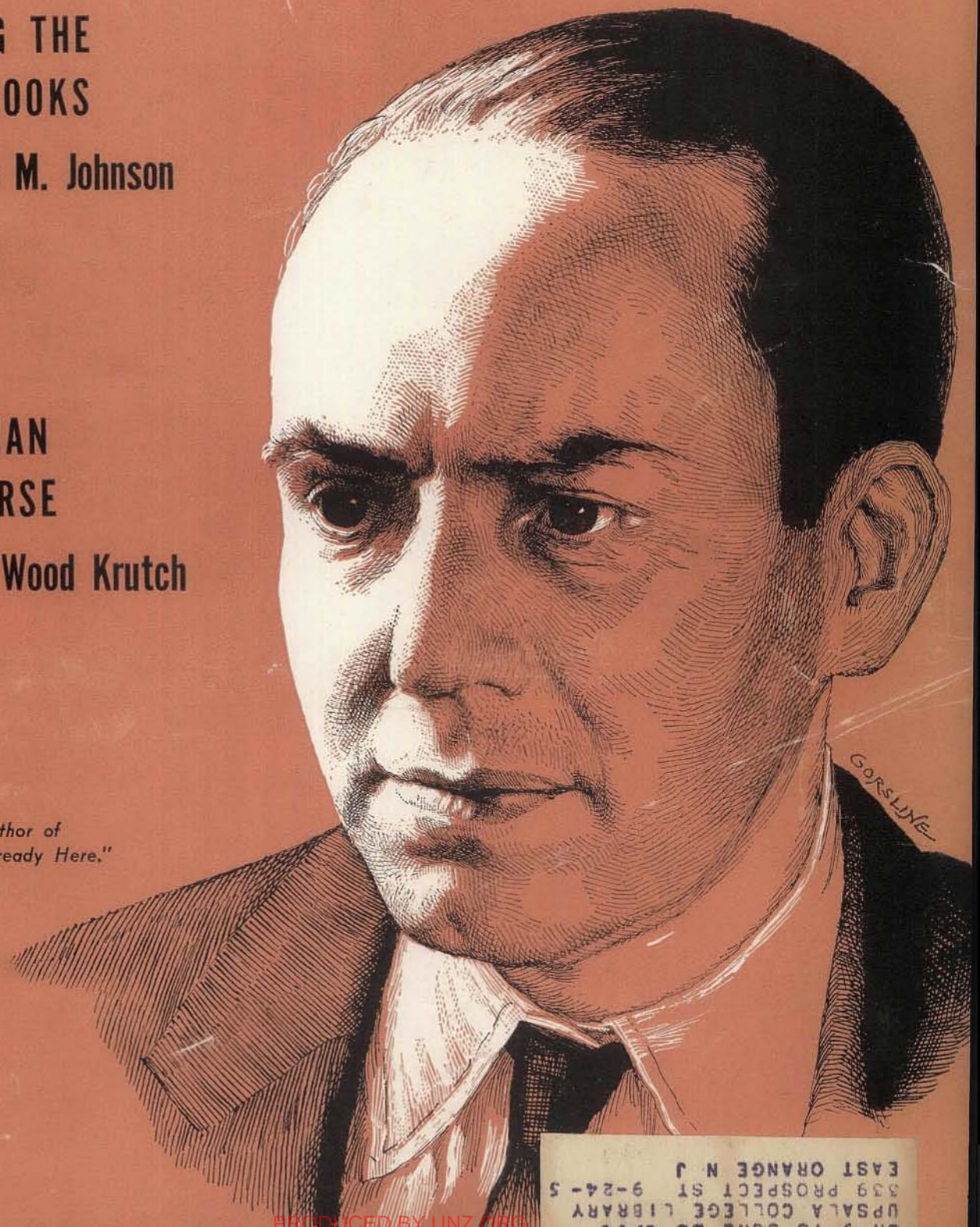
JULY 24, 1954 / 20¢

CATCHING THE BOOK CROOKS

By Thomas M. Johnson

LITTLE MAN ON A HORSE

By Joseph Wood Krutch



Robert Jungk, author of "Tomorrow Is Already Here."
(See page 8)

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The Saturday Review

JULY 24, 1954

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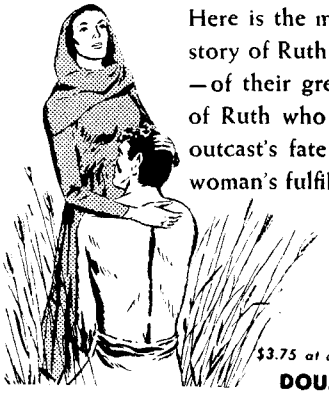

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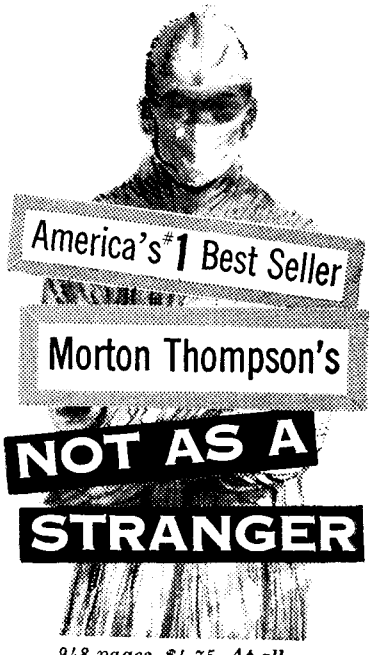

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TRADE Winds

WE HAD BEEN WHIZZING across the continent in a DC-7—one of those nonstop jobs that are supposed to negotiate the trip from California to New York in seven and a half hours. The pilot had just announced over the loudspeaker system that we had been favored by tail winds and would put down at Idlewild exactly six hours and forty minutes after we left the runway at Los Angeles.

Stopping at the bar for a glass of water, I encountered a passenger who

had looked so woebegone before we boarded the plane that everybody had tried vainly to reassure him. "You see," I told him now. "There's nothing to these flights any more! Duck soup!"

"Yeah," he answered hollowly. "Your good luck must have overpowered my jinx—for once!"

"I know who *you* are," he continued. "I catch you on television. But you don't know *me*. Shake hands with 'Hard Luck Dick' Dennison." His wife whispered in my ear. "'Hard Luck Dick' is what *he* calls himself, but he wails so continuously all the rest of us call him '*Moby* Dick'."

I listened to poor old Dick's saga for quite a spell. He's a traveling book salesman, and something always seems to be happening on his journeys—none of it good.

LET'S SAY HE'S MAKING a trip by rail. His is the train that always hits the town he's heading for at 2:38 A.M.—and with him aboard is an hour or more late. Furthermore, the station is locked tight, and it's raining cats and dogs. Ditto when he re-embarks the following night. When the train crawls in Dick always manages to be standing at the exact spot where the engineer can envelop him in a cloud of steam. His berth turns out to be the last upper in the last car—and he has to stumble with two suitcases through seven other blacked-out Pullmans to reach it.

There's a flat wheel, of course, directly beneath his berth, and the porter has given up trying to regulate the air-conditioning, leaving behind him as he vanishes for the remainder of the journey a nice, even temperature of 104 degrees.

During the night the engineer practises sudden starts and stops for an examination by the division superintendent in the morning—an exam the engineer flunks cold just as Moby Dick is shaving his chin. The resultant bloodshed is a source of absorbing interest to the four small children who have been harmonizing in the next compartment since 6:00 A.M., and even the stout lady across the aisle stops her Gargantuan snores long enough to inspect the gory scene.

"SO YOU'RE UNLUCKY ON TRAIN TRIPS," I conceded. "Why don't you travel exclusively by air?" "Zowie," groaned Moby Dick, "that's even more harrowing." Invariably, he explained, a connection from Houston, Tokyo, or somewhere has developed mechanical trouble and he's told there will be a "short delay"—airline doubletalk, he's discovered, for a wait of five or six hours in an airport that's being rebuilt, and where there's no place to sit down.

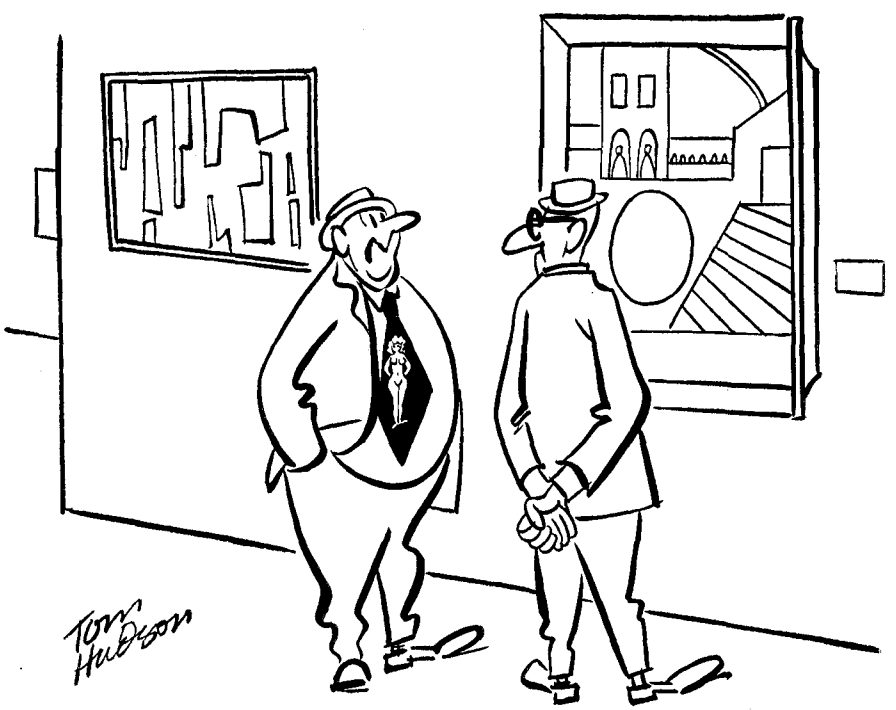
Once aboard his plane it stands at the end of the runway, propellers

whirling, until the vibration has all but driven him mad, and then directly he's aloft a stewardess adjures him to fasten his seat-belt because there "may be a slight turbulence ahead." For the next half hour, mourned Moby Dick, he usually travels upside down. And his approach to his destination is an invariable signal for visibility to drop to zero.

"With breaks like that," I suggested, "I should think you'd give up traveling altogether and take a job that keeps you in one place. I happen to know of a charming little book shop that's for sale in . . ."

A look of complete disbelief, flavored with outrage, had come over Moby Dick's countenance. "Give up traveling?" he interrupted. "Are you crazy, Mr. Cerf? I *LOVE* it!"

SPEAKING OF AIRPORT rebuilding, as I was a couple of paragraphs back, the facilities at La Guardia and Idlewild daily grow more inadequate and disgraceful. There are beautiful new structures at Newark, Pittsburgh, and Phoenix. Toledo, Cleveland, and Buffalo are in the throes of expansion. Only New York, it seems, must content itself with jerrybuilt "temporary" waiting rooms and boarding and debarking coops for the various lines



"I don't know anything about art but I know what I like!"

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that utilize its airfields. Unloading of plane baggage takes longer and longer. People arriving from abroad are subjected to interminable customs delays, and the quarters in which they're herded while they're waiting must give newcomers to our shores a fine first impression of this "land of plenty."

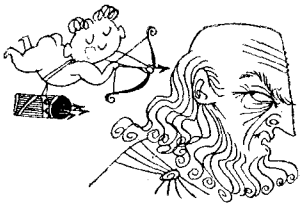
I keep reading of all the magnificent plans they're dreaming up for Idlewild: hotels, theatres, shops, and Lord knows what else. Suggestion to Howard Cullman and his buddies on the Port Authority: a little less publicity; a lot more action!

P.S.: Even more backward than New York, in streamlining its air service is Detroit, which still uses the old Willow Run setup, fully thirty miles from the heart of the city, and so hard to reach when traffic is heavy that a resident of twenty years' standing got lost trying to find an alternate route.

A SHINING HIGHLIGHT of my lecturing experiences this past season was my visit to Kansas State College, in Manhattan—a huge, bustling, progressive institution that reflects the wise guidance, first, of Milton Eisenhower, and more recently of President McCain. Dean Albert Pugsley picked me up at the Santa Fe station in Wichita and insisted upon showing me the site of an abandoned Government dam en route. "It's just off the main road," he assured me, but when the farmers started answering our queries in Chinese, and one of them was driving a water buffalo, he admitted we probably had driven a couple of thousand miles too far.

There are Davises all over the Kansas State campus: Ken Davis, author of "River on the Rampage"; H. W. Davis, who told me, "The worst thing about being a professor is that after a while you begin to look like one"; and Earl Davis, who cited as a shining example of graphic description Sandburg's line, "Lincoln crossed his right leg over his left knee, and planted both feet solidly on the floor."

Another professor's wife had a rather unnerving experience just before I



arrived at Kansas State. Not being able to locate a sitter, she brought her baby with her to an afternoon tea and carried under her arm a toidy seat in pink plastic. Her hostess reached for the seat and beamed, "Welcome! Let me hang up your darling new hat!"

STILL ANOTHER DAVIS—ELMER—reminds us in "But We Were Born Free" that Sophocles, the tragic poet, at the age of eighty-nine "was asked by some impertinent young squirt if he were still able to enjoy the pleasures of love. 'My friend,' said Sophocles solemnly, 'I give thanks to the gods every day that I have been freed from that tyrannous desire'."

"The dominant passion," continues Davis, "of most young men—and middle-aged men, for that matter—is a lust for success. But the time comes when they have either made it or not, and it is too late to do much about it. Ambition fades away; you no longer give a damn . . . A qualification is needed for unfortunate novelists who feel under some obscure compulsion still to push out a book a year, long after they have nothing left to say. They probably hate unfavorable reviews, too, just as much as they did in their youth."

I wonder what novelists Elmer Davis had in mind. I can think of six myself without batting an eyelash!

—BENNETT CERF.

To a Clump of Sea Lavender

By Charles Wharton Stork

BY THE waves' white fringe a lilac tinge
Caresses the lonely strand
That has found a place for your tendriled grace
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The Saturday Review

JULY 24, 1954

CATCHING THE BOOK CROOKS

The Story of Bergquist's Beat

By THOMAS M. JOHNSON

When the New York Public Library chose G. William Bergquist as its "Special Investigator" thefts of rare books from its shelves—and from other libraries throughout the country—had reached the proportions of a major racket. This is the story of how he cracked down on the underworld of books and reformed its chief operators. Names have been changed in all instances to protect the identity of the individuals concerned.

A TALL, rather portly man of seventy with a ruddy, benevolent countenance retired lately to suburban Glenbrook, Connecticut, to luxuriate in rest and hobbying after an absorbing and eventful career in the world of rare and valuable books. To this quiet, unpretentious man that world has been neither dusty nor fusty. For G. William Bergquist has been a book detective—a private eye without fear of rival, without reproach of commonplaceness—and has been the nemesis of a crew of crooks as unusual in their way as he in his.

When this amateur sleuth went to work, the stealing and forging of valuable old books had reached such proportions that no library, no collector, no honest book dealer was safe. The nationwide racket was a menace to our literary treasures. Bergquist is happy because he ended the menace by catching or helping to catch the most dangerous of the racketeers. But the kindly man is happier because he not only caught but thereupon reformed them, so that today they lead lives of honest usefulness, and even of success. That he could accomplish this was due largely to his faith in human nature.

When G. William Bergquist's sleuthing began, that faith had not been eroded by the frictions of a rough early life. He had run away from home at fourteen, and had been cowhand, lumberjack, grocery salesman, racehorse trainer, and cavalry officer. But he had always been a great reader, and at fifty he gravitated to a job with the New York Public Library. When thievery from the shelves so increased that the library decided it needed a new "Special Investigator," Bergquist was chosen. His background, less cloistered than that of the others on the staff, seemed best fitted for dealing with the danger.

Still, the choice seemed a long shot, for Bergquist had never been a detective and was neither sardonic, like Sherlock Holmes, nor debonair, like Philo Vance; just friendly and easy-going, like Bill Bergquist. He had found that most people if treated decently were decent in return. He decided that he would apply this experience in his novel sort of sleuthing, and he adopted a method that was consistent with his character and masterly in its simplicity.

THE genial Special Investigator began his operations by strolling along Fourth Avenue, New York's "Rare Book Row," making friends with honest book dealers. He encouraged them to reveal their dishonest rivals and to tell what rare books these latter were selling that might have been stolen. Then, committing the titles to memory, he visited the suspects and—like any browser—scanned their shelves. He used only one scientific crime-solving gadget, a cheap pocket microscope. Bergquist enjoyed his research. All his life he had made books and book-collecting his hobby. He had found strength and solace between their covers. Old books had been his special delight; they had made the past come alive. Wherever he roamed, he had utilized libraries as precious

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aids to self-education and considered them foundations of freedom. He was shocked to find these foundations being undermined, and he declared war upon the termites, especially the clever master crooks who were the leaders.

Bergquist's work began to pay dividends when an honest dealer reported a peculiar occurrence. A stranger, apparently Scandinavian, had brought to this dealer a first edition of a book by Sir Walter Scott. The caller had eagerly accepted $500 for it. Then he had asked many questions about the prices rare-book lovers and collectors pay for "prime firsts" and other rarities. He had been astonished at the large amounts that they brought, astonished also at how many thousands of rare-book collectors there are.

The man said he was Jens Olsen, a former printer and journalist in Europe. Olsen was intelligent, so the dealer hired him as a rare-book scout. The new employe proved clever in ferreting out bargains in other shops, but the dealer caught him cheating and fired him. Soon other dealers told him Olsen was offering them books they suspected had been stolen, and the book dealer so informed Bergquist.

The detective then discovered that Olsen had been living in this country illegally and had been deported by the Immigration authorities to Europe. That, thought Bergquist, was that. But some months later another honest dealer told him of being offered valuable old pamphlets about witchcraft which were newly embossed "European Cultural Society." Neither he nor Bergquist had ever heard of this organization. Bergquist consulted the omniscient Library of Congress, which replied: "There is no 'European Cultural Society' in Europe or here. The pamphlets described belong to the Andover-Harvard Theological Library."

WHEN Bergquist asked that library whether the pamphlets were missing he got a story of thefts so disturbing that he wrote other libraries. From Haverford College came an even more disturbing response. The library had been visited by a spectacled man with a scholar's stoop. He had said he was Dr. Amos Nelson and was writing a treatise on early American religious history. He had asked to see some choice early pamphlets on the subject that were not on the open shelves. The librarian had courteously admitted him to the stacks. Nelson had selected many rare pamphlets and had taken notes industriously for hours before returning them. Next day he had come back, chosen more pamphlets, taken more notes, and left while the librarian was out to lunch. Returning, the librarian had found that the space formerly occupied by the pamphlets was filled with others resembling them but almost valueless.

Bergquist asked if Dr. Nelson had carried a briefcase. Yes. Had he worn a large, loose overcoat that might have big pockets sewn inside? Yes. Had he had an automobile? Well, he had *said* he was driving. Could they describe him? Yes: prematurely bald, youngish, with a little mustache and a receding chin.

"Olsen!" exclaimed Bergquist. "He's back again, more dangerous than ever!"

Bergquist sent the description to other collegiate libraries specializing in early American historical items and asked: "Have you seen this man?" From Princeton, Swarthmore, Trinity, Wesleyan, Rutgers, and Drew came reports that Dr. Nelson had called and that rare books or pamphlets were missing. They were not worth fabulous sums like a Shakespeare First Folio, which has brought $50,000, or a "Bay Psalm Book," which has brought $151,000. However, a clever "fence" could dispose profitably of the distinctly desirable early Americana which Dr. Nelson was stealing and—from reports Bergquist began to receive—was offering for sale on Fourth Avenue. The identifying marks of the libraries from which they had been stolen had been cleverly removed; if embossed, by ironing them out on the bowl of a hot spoon; if ink-stamped, by an ammonia preparation called javelle water.

THE library's detective sent to his friends along Rare Book Row a description of Dr. Nelson and supplemented it with a daily patrol by himself and his assistant, Arthur Heinle, now dead. One day, as they sauntered past the old bookstores, they glimpsed a prematurely bald youngish man with a little mustache and a receding chin, bearing a paper-wrapped bundle, scuttling into a sizable shop. Bergquist and Heinle hurried as fast as they could without attracting attention.

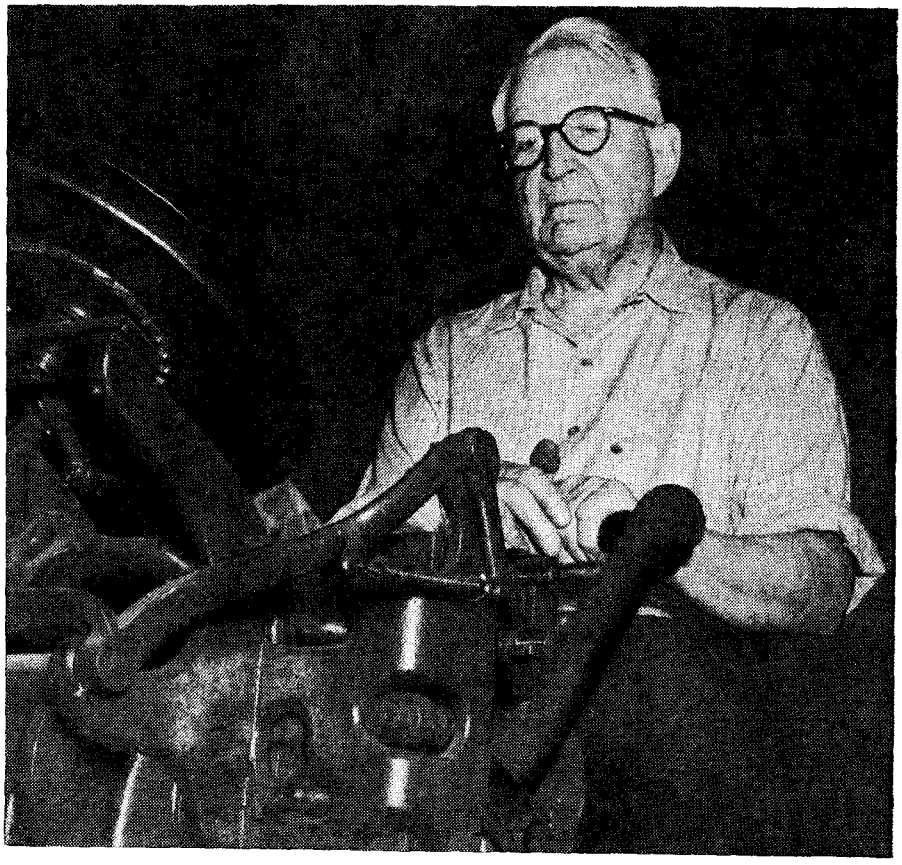
The bald man handed his package to a beefy, sharp-eyed man of fifty who stood behind the counter. The book dealer removed the wrappings, revealing pamphlets printed in antique type on paper tinted buff by age. Each bore an embossed stamp: "European Cultural Society."

"Here's all they're worth to me," the dealer said curtly.

He laid $500 in bills on the counter and whisked the pamphlets beneath it.

The bald man angrily picked up the money and strode to the door, almost colliding with Bergquist as he de-

(*Continued on page* 38)



G. William Bergquist—"saved not only rare books from theft but men from ruin."

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MACHINES AND MEN

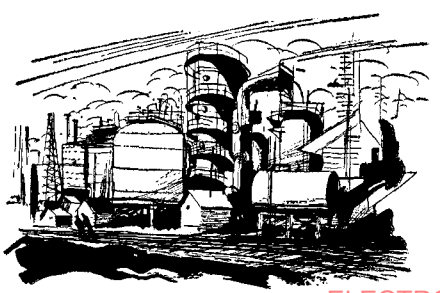
U. S. Democracy's Danger

"Tomorrow Is Already Here," by Robert Jungk *(translated by Marguerite Waldman. Simon & Schuster. 241 pp. $3.50), is a German-born journalist's account of the scientific and technological miracles currently being wrought in this country, along with some not very heavily veiled criticism of our civilization. Bruce Bliven, Jr., who reviews it here, is the author of "The Wonderful Writing Machine," a history of the typewriter.*

By Bruce Bliven, Jr.

IN ONE sense, and one only, Robert Jungk's "Tomorrow Is Already Here" is a travel book. As an American correspondent for the Swiss press, he explored the United States, stopping at some twenty-five towns and cities along that frontier where our scientists and engineers are in some places building a new world and in others making ready to blow it up.

He has been to Alamagordo, New Mexico, to examine the hole in the ground where the first atomic bomb went off, and to Las Cruces to see a rocket shoot; he has visited the Strategic Air Command headquarters at Omaha, Nebraska, has observed a jet test dive at Muroc Dry Lake, California, and has inspected the School for Aviation and Space Medicine at San Antonio, Texas. He has talked to uranium prospectors (Durango, Colorado), migratory atomic-factory construction workers (Aiken, South Carolina), and atomic scientists (Los Alamos, New Mexico). He has investigated rain-making and production-line agriculture in Arizona, Colorado, New Mexico, and California. In New York City he talked to skyscraper efficiency engineers. At Wilmington, Delaware, he met the special breed of DuPont chemists who concentrate on devising products for use during the 1970's. He watched the big, electronic computing-machines thinking at Washington, D.C. In Columbus, Ohio, he looked for (but didn't find) Mrs. Average, the dream girl of market research. In Boston, Massachusetts, he discovered a small boy under undue TV influence who was about to metamorphose from a Hoppy into a Space Cadet.



Mr. Jungk has a sharp eye for graphic details. He notices that the desert grasses have already pushed through the glassy green lining, fused by the heat of the explosion, of the first A-Bomb's crater; which means that in just a few years vegetation will have obliterated the scar. He reports that when a jet engine starts it emits an "almost animal scream" as if it were trying, through an inarticulate howl, to express itself—and that the pilots believe that the mechanics can understand what the airplane is trying to say. The portable radio, he observes, has replaced the cowboy's guitar. The modern cattle rustler comes at night with trucks, drugs the animals he intends to steal, and knows special techniques (which are not revealed) for removing brand marks from their hides. The recording instruments which ride high into the sky in the noses of rockets write down their counts and measurements in a script that looks not unlike Arabian scroll lettering.

HIS report is packed with intriguing information of this sort. One learns that forty-two stories is the economic limit to the height of new skyscrapers; above that a building costs too much to construct and to maintain. And that the only serious worry in the mind of the Empire State Building's chief window-washer is a fear that a falling suicide may knock him off his window sill perch. If a long-range bomber's pressure cabin springs a leak, the crew has only thirteen seconds to put on and fasten their oxygen masks. In order to get as much as a 1 per cent yield a uranium hunter must not only find uranium-bearing rock but must be prepared to take it away by the ton; his minimum equipment includes a truck, a jeep, good roads, diamond drills, pneumatic hammers, and a portable compressor. The map given visitors to Los Alamos shows less than half the actual number of laboratory buildings on account of the security

THE AUTHOR: Midway in Robert Jungk's life Hitler came to power, and life has been anything but dull ever since. Reminiscing the other day about everything from Nov. 5, 1913, the day he was born in Berlin, to "The Indestructible," the novel about atomic scientists he is currently working on, Jungk prefaced things by saying: "The overriding fact of my life—as of many lives in our time—has been persecution, flight, the struggle to keep alive in an alien environment and against heavy odds." He was nineteen years old, Jewish, just out of Berlin University when the Nazis were about to take over. Of those days Jungk said, "I was the son of a well-known movie writer, everything seemed open to me when I left school in 1932. When my co-disciples and I discussed our future we feared really only one thing: That the world had reached a state where life would be rather dull. My life so far has been anything but; if I could only forget all the relatives murdered by the Nazis I would say: Thank God for having forced me into all the tribulations, the adventures, the silly, wonderful, and terrible things which happen to a person who has lost roots and security." His tribulations included being arrested by the Nazis, being released, leaving Germany only to return to work for an underground press service, then being jailed by the Swiss in 1943 because his anti-Nazi writings were a bit too vigorous for a neutral country. That's all over now. After World War II he worked as a journalist—first in central Europe, later in the U. S. He was here six years in all, departing last summer for St. Wolfgang, Austria. These days, Jungk, a foreign correspondent on the Swiss weekly *Die Weltwoche,* is full of plans for articles and books thereby creating the impression that his sole interest is in writing. "That would give you a wrong picture," he noted. "My main business is living and experiencing. I was lucky to survive and ever since then I appreciate all the ordinary things of life twice as much as before. We laugh a lot, my wife, our boy, and I, as long as the laughing is good. How long will that be?" —BERNARD KALB.

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regulations, and every tenth inhabitant belongs to the security division. The plutonium workers at the Hanford works have named the robot grasping implement which manipulates things inside the radioactive furnaces the "Sweet Hot Dolly." And the man who operates Dolly "looks" through the protective walls of cement and lead by watching 3-D television through a pair of 3-D glasses.

Even in Hollywood, California, where, like any other tourist, his eye was drawn to the beautiful girls, Jungk was on the alert for an unusual sort of travel souvenir; he was collecting evidence that American science and technology are dehumanizing Americans. He believes that by our concentration on the material, and in an insane ambition to win complete and absolute mastery of nature in all its aspects, we are almost surely doomed. He thinks that unless America experiences a great spiritual change (which he plainly does not expect) the remnants of U.S. democracy will give way to complete totalitarianism.

JUNGK may be right. Perhaps, as a European visitor, he can perceive fatal stains on our national character which we mistake for mere smudges on the washable, acid-resistant, color-fast, DuPont-patented surface of things. Jungk saw Hitler take power in Germany and was arrested the day after the Reichstag fire for being an anti-Nazi. The tyrants have badgered, frustrated, and hounded him a good deal of his life. He very well may have developed a special sensitivity to totalitarianism, enabling him to deliver this warning before it's too late.

But if he is right, only a few Americans will believe him. Many will enjoy his offbeat approach to the fascinating parts of the country he has seen, and will like his writing style, his sense of irony, and his wry humor. They will know that he saw the strange, often terrifying, phenomena he describes. But most Americans will reject Jungk's pessimism and refuse to agree that God, as he here declares, has discarded the United States.

"Tomorrow Is Already Here" is being published this year in eleven countries, according to the dust jacket; it's too bad that in at least some of the other ten it may be regarded as the truth and the whole truth. For it is not more than a few random pieces of truth selected to bolster up—although not to prove—a dubious proposition.

In order to show, for instance, that contemporary America, in striving to win mastery over nature, has forgotten humanity, Jungk describes a "poor little superman" whirled on a roundabout in an aviation medicine laboratory, faster and faster, his features hideously distorted, until he blacks out. The author paints a piteous picture in grim colors. The boy is nearly naked, the army officer observers are pompous and silly, the attending doctor is cold-blooded, and so on and so forth. "All this is happening," Jungk writes, "because the race has set out on its longest journey to an unknown destination. The path leads out of the earthly orbit into regions for which man was probably never intended." It should occur to almost anyone that aviation medicine is not inherently more evil than sea-level medicine, but is required by aviation. And that, although aviation may be immoral, it is not precisely an American monopoly.

To take another example, Jungk found the red tape of the security regulations at Los Alamos offensive ("Any town must have a certain proportion of freedom in order to be able to develop and live, even to be able to die.") and writes about them as if he could not imagine why they exist—and, indeed, as if he thought the scientists working there had lost the capacity to appreciate what they are denied.

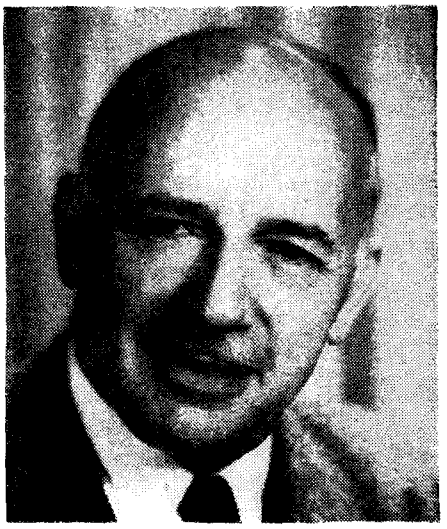
Perhaps he has deliberately chosen to get things wrong, to distort, to shock, to anger his American audience, in order to goad his readers into self-criticism. It is not a wise device, if device it be, for too often it appears plain foolish.

In Hollywood Jungk saw his "trend toward totalitarianism" in the form of a "camera club" where, for three dollars' admission, which included the rent of a camera and a roll of film, a dozen men were brought face to face with a nude girl model. A degrading sort of place, no doubt, and evidence of man's inhumanity towards man. But another reporter might have noticed that perhaps nowhere in the world except Los Angeles, haven of the displaced Iowa Methodist, would it have occurred to such a group of men to do what they were doing: they were busily snapping photographs.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1060)

BOMBARD:
(THE) VOYAGE OF THE HÉRÉTIQUE

One overwhelming factor, despair, formed no part of the study of nutrition. But if drink is more important than food, confidence is more important than drink. Thirst kills more quickly than hunger, but despair is a greater danger than thirst.



Walter Dornberger "full of suspense."

Story of a Weapon

"V-2," by Walter Dornberger *(translated by James Cleugh and Geoffrey Halliday. Viking Press. 281 pp. $5), is an account of the German development of the flying bomb, research that has opened new vistas in space travel, written by the general in charge of the program.*

By Henry B. Kranz

LIKE so many of Hitler's generals who have written war memoirs mainly to put most of the blame for the army's mistakes on the Führer himself, General Walter Dornberger has now made his contribution. But his book "V-2" is a different kind of soldier's record. It is not so much the story of a man but of a weapon which might possibly have changed the face of the world for many generations.

On June 12, 1944, the first flying bomb from Germany, known as V-1 (V, short for vengeance), reached London. In November 1944 Winston Churchill disclosed that V-2, a long-range rocket, was in action. Allied Intelligence had known earlier that a rocket experiment station was located at Peenemünde on the Pomeranian coast. Would Germany's "secret weapon" be able to turn the tide of the war? General Eisenhower wrote later in "Crusade in Europe": "I feel sure that if the Germans had succeeded in using these weapons over a six-month period, Overlord [the Allied invasion of Normandy] might have been written off."

General Dornberger was the man who for fifteen years had experimented on liquid-propellant rockets for the German Army. He began his

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tests in Berlin and he later directed Peenemünde, where many thousands of scientists and soldiers became engaged in this fantastic, secret enterprise. The general tells in "V-2" of his work and of his dreams connected with it. His story is chronologically confused and, therefore, at times rather bewildering, though dramatic and full of suspense. He concludes it with this statement: "Ignoring the rocket as a weapon of war, its general potentialities are enormous. A dream can now become reality, the spaceship can emerge out of hopes and theories. To this our labor, our creation, and our success made the first contributions. It must be left to the victors in this, let us hope, last great war, to see that our contribution is not lost." It sounds as if all his work had been aimed at the conquest of space and not of Germany's enemies!

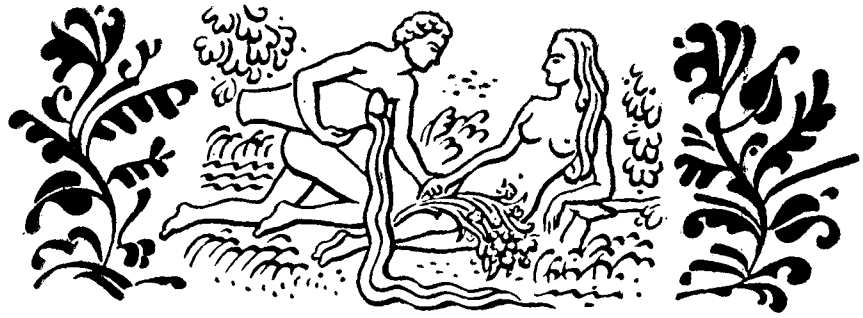
WHY was Dornberger's work not crowned with success? He places the fault on Hitler, on Himmler, on the stupidity and arrogance of the SS officers, on jealousies and civilian greed, on the kind of bureaucracy which many people believe to be characteristic of a democracy but seems to thrive even better in a totalitarian state. At one time Dornberger and his scientists were even accused of sabotage and Dr. Wernher von Braun, his first assistant, was arrested. The intricate difficulties of the job never seemed unsurmountable to Dornberger; however, he was not given sufficient help or funds. In 1934 the first two rockets were fired and reached an altitude of 1.4 miles. In 1939, after many failures, a range of eleven miles was achieved. It was not until that time that Hitler took any interest in rockets. But he could not fit them into his plans and did not foresee the practical application of big rockets.

In October 1942 something happened which, Dornberger says, started a new era in transportation, *i.e.*, space travel: A 5.5 ton rocket (the Germans called it A-4), traveling at a speed of 3,500 miles and reaching a height of sixty miles, flew 120 miles to its target. Now at last Hitler summoned Dornberger to his headquarters. When he was shown a film of the historic experiment he was moved and agitated. "Europe and the world will be too small from now on to contain a war," he said. "With such weapons humanity will be unable to endure it." And he added, more like himself: "What I now want is annihilation—annihilating effect."

Dornberger had to disappoint his Führer. At that time a heavier rocket could not be produced. Atomic energy

(*Continued on page* 29)

FICTION



—*Jacket design by Charles E. Skaggs for "The Go-Between."*

Mercury Singed

***"The Go-Between," by L. P. Hartley** (Alfred A. Knopf. 311 pp. $3.50), tells of a boy's first glimpse into the fascinating and somewhat dreadful world of the adult.*

By Walter Havighurst

"EVERY man is important to himself at one time or another," observes Leo Colston in "The Go-Between," L. P. Hartley's haunting novel of an English boyhood fifty years ago. Rather sadly he concludes that for him the important time was the summer of 1900, a happy season that grew somber before it closed. Excited by the beginning of the new century and by the approach of his thirteenth birthday, Leo Colston spent a summer holiday with a schoolmate at Brandham Hall in the sunny Norfolk countryside. The season began in ardor and ended in agitation and dread.

One of the charms of "The Go-Between" is its unfolding of two worlds. There is the world of Leo Colston with his schoolboy spells and incantations, his lore of the zodiac, his delight in the woods and the water-meadows. Around him is the life of the hall. Mrs. Maudsley, the war-scarred Lord Trimingham, beautiful Marian Maudsley, the bronze farmer Burgess—they are larger than life, they have zodiacal properties and proportions. Between the two worlds Leo (who himself has a zodiac name) becomes a messenger. He is Mercury, carrying letters between Marian and her lover. At first it is a mysterious and important role, but Mercury flew too near the sun and was turned into a cinder. "The Go-Between" is a beautifully written novel of a child's discovery of the troubled world of his elders.

Another charm of this bittersweet novel is its warmly pictured English country life—the great house with its procession of guests, morning prayers in the spacious dining room, Sunday church service in the village, bathing parties in the river, the great cricket game, the ball at the height of the season. Brandham Hall dominated the countryside, and all the summer's life revolved about it.

THOUGH the summer began in delight, it soon held hints of trouble. On his first evening at Brandham Hall Leo saw the deadly nightshade. It was both evil and beautiful—he felt the plant could poison him even if he did not touch it—and he tiptoed away. There are other foreshadowings—the prolonged and growing heat of summer, Ted Burgess cleaning his gun at the breakfast table, the boy's echoing question: "Are you vanquished, Colston?" At last the Virgin and the Water-bearer of the zodiac are recognized in Marian and her farmer-lover. These are fallen angels.

The story is framed in later recollection, fifty years later; and at the end Marian Maudsley, having outlived all the others, makes her summary of the century that was beginning in that distant summer—"this hideous century we live in, which has denatured humanity and planted death and hate where love and living were."

Mr. Hartley's novel is emotion recollected not in tranquillity but in compassion and regret.

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Nineteenth-Century Revival

"French Stories and Tales," edited by Stanley Geist *(Alfred A. Knopf. 326 pp. $3.95), is a collection of new translations of less familiar short pieces by great writers from Stendhal to Gide. Here it is reviewed by Henri Peyre, professor of French literature at Yale.*

By Henri Peyre

FEW things are more difficult to accomplish than the replacing of an old and somewhat worn-out classic with a new classic. Re-evaluation of French poetry in the last decades has hopelessly outmoded the old anthologies of French verse and has given prominence to Nerval, Corbière, Rimbaud, Mallarmé and to novel aspects of Victor Hugo. Balzac, Flaubert, and Zola have been similarly revalued and rejuvenated, thanks in part to that amusing rite of French literary life, the celebration of centenaries. But the familiar masterpieces of the French short story by Flaubert, Daudet, Maupassant, and, of course, Merimeé still reign unchallenged in textbooks and anthologies.

Stanley Geist's highly intelligent, slightly over-sophisticated volume, "French Stories and Tales," proposes a new and original selection. It sedulously keeps off the beaten track. None of the familiar acquaintances, except for Flaubert's "Un Coeur simple," has been included. Every one of the twelve authors represented is introduced in a few lively and witty lines, sparing in the usual and presumably banal factual information, but cleverly challenging the conventional academic views. The introduction by Mr. Geist sparkles with witty formulas and untenable but entertaining generalizations about the French middle class, the French avoidance of the "suburban" and comfortable short story dear to Americans, and the French exaltation of artifice to the level of art and of religion. The translations are expert, concise, evocative, and done by true writers. The whole volume breathes a wholesome and youthful freshness, and is gratifyingly untainted by the stuffy critical phraseology about structure, tension resolved, and other clichés of short-story literature.

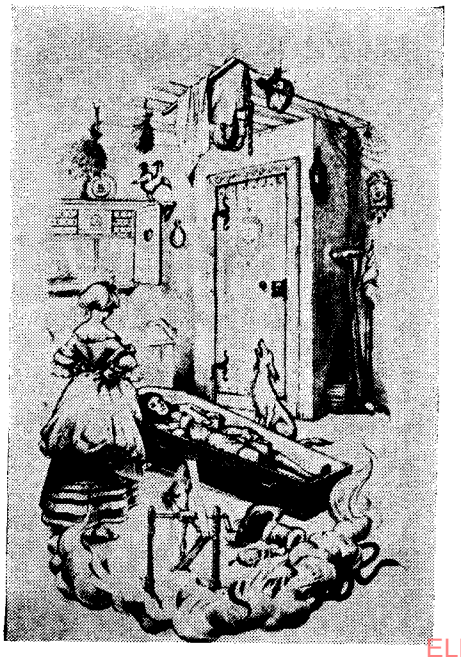
THE choice is arbitrary, even whimsical, and no attempt is made to justify it. A critic's business is to disagree in any case. The editor includes no story earlier than Stendhal's and the ebullient vigor of the sixteenth-century story is thus missed, as is the deft analysis of feelings and the nimble style of the eighteenth century. Stendhal's long short story, "Mina de Vanghel," displays its author at his most preposterously romantic worst, which his fanatics call his best: A noble, wealthy German heiress falls madly in love with a married man, tries to estrange him from his wife whose chambermaid she has stooped to become in order to effect her elaborately contrived conquest. She kills herself for love in the end, most romantically. The passion, as always in Stendhal, the analyst of love and fascinated observer of different ways of love in different nations, is incredibly sentimental and chaste.

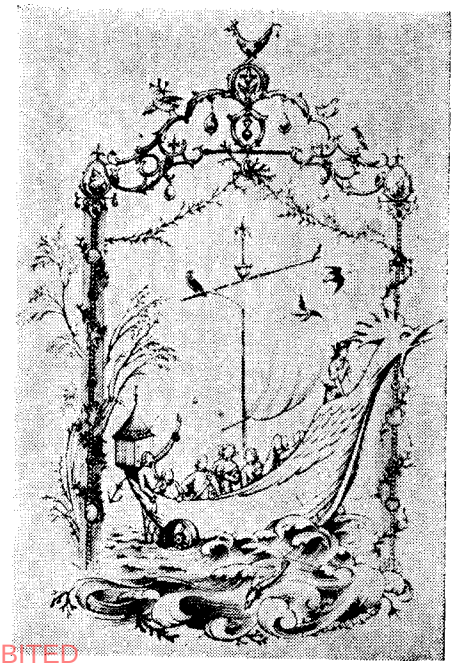
Balzac—and indeed most French novelists of the last century—was similarly shy of describing or noticing physical manifestations of love, and an air of unreal and rapturous sentimentality hovers around his many attempts to treat love. "The Other Diane," Balzac's story included here, known in French as "Les Secrets de la Princesse de Cadignan," fails to display Balzac at his best; for at his best he towers above all other French masters of the short story.

Mérimeé has been regrettably omitted, as have Nodier and Musset. Flaubert's "Un Coeur simple" was Red Handkerchief" is a very minor piece by a storyteller who has been, in our opinion, overrated. He reached originality and greatness only in his "Nouvelles asiatiques." Two of Baudelaire's tales, taken from the "Petits Poèmes en Prose," two tales by Marcel Schwob, which have scholarly charm, and two acid but hardly remarkable stories by Jules Renard are the least justifiable inclusions.

The more famous pieces by Maupassant were omitted by the editor in his preference for the rare and farfetched, so Maupassant cuts a pale figure in this anthology. The two most classical and most dramatic examples of the French short story are the pitiful disintegration of a lonely clerk by Huysmans, "Monsieur Folantin," and a superb story by Zola, "Julien."

One author alone represents the twentieth century: Gide, with one of his most falsely simple and in truth thinnest pieces, his late "Theseus." One wonders why such an inclusion, when many a more striking story by Proust, Giraudoux, Morand, Giono, and Gascar might have been selected—not to mention some of the masterpieces of the genre written by Martin du Gard in "La Confidence africaine," by Mauriac in "Le Demon de la Connaissance," by Sartre in any of the five stories in "Le Mur." There is ample room for a similar volume which would select a dozen stories and tales of the present century.





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Virtue on Vacation

***"The White Sand of Shirahama," by Kenneth Lamott** (Little, Brown. 223 pp. $3), dissects the frailties of a group of American missionaries vacationing at a Japanese seaside resort. Below it is reviewed by Lucy Herndon Crockett, author of "Popcorn on the Ginza" and other books.*

By Lucy Herndon Crockett

FOR his second novel Kenneth Lamott has chosen to tell of the explosive effect on a colony of vacationing missionaries at a Japanese seaside resort of a couple of gin-and-tonic hounds, Sam and Kate Kirby. The Kirbys, suffering from the common domestic affliction of boredom, are trying through a violent change of setting to salvage their shaky marriage. Another outsider in the tight missionary group is Paul Thatcher, who becomes something more than merely an interested observer as he finds himself dabbling in adultery with lovely Ellen Marlowe.

"The White Sand of Shirahama" is a far more mature book than this report on its theme would indicate. The author, born in Japan of missionary parents, has written a startling expose of missionary mentality and motives. At least, that's what this reviewer found of completely absorbing interest in his book. The Kate and Sam Kirbys of this world are dull people at best; adultery, with or without moral quibbles, is scarcely a fresh subject. But the reaction to human weaknesses, their own and others', by a group of sanctimonious men and women, smug in their wilful isolation from any questioning world, is provocative material.

A lot of readers whose churches support foreign missions are going to throw the book down in a fury at the author's first intimations that arrogance and self-righteousness exist where there should be selflessness and compassion. Mr. Lamott is unsparing. John Ferguson, most understanding of the missionary colony at Shirahama, says: "A good many of us have become involved in the cause because it permits us to forget our own private inadequacies." But those who would most profit from this objective picture would be the last people in the world to pick up a book of this kind.

Ellen Marlowe, secret renegade among the missionaries, has some gently demolishing observations to make upon her husband's fellow-workers: "When I first came to Japan I found that the main thing was not to let myself get overawed by the other missionaries' high-mindedness. Some of the older women can positively bully you with their overwhelming virtue. . . . Their virtue never seems to have much to do with anything that matters—love or pity or charity or just plain understanding. If you start wrapping yourself up in layer after layer of goodness, pretty soon you don't have any more chance of communicating with any normally virtuous person than if you were a silkworm in a cocoon. Sometimes I think the trouble with the missionary movement is that there aren't enough sinners in it. . . ."

Most formidable of the missionaries trying to maintain their colony at Shirahama inviolate from noisy intruders is old Hannah Beddoes, of whom Ferguson notes: "There are times when I think that pious virgins of a religious turn of mind should automatically be disqualified from employment as missionaries." Aunt Hannah is delighted to find in the Kirbys a blatant symbol of the sorry state the world has sunk to. She heads the silent psychological warfare conducted against the unhappy pair. With the help of the fanatic Gilbert Marlowe, who exults in the ordeal between flesh and spirit, she calls upon the members of the colony to rid themselves of sin.

The only ones who respond are Kate Kirby (she is a bore—this reader's sympathies were entirely with the blustering Sam); young Stevie Ferguson, who comes out of it "saved, in spite of himself, not for the Kingdom of God, but for the kingdom of this world," and—just for kicks—the sometime shopkeeper, sometime student, Fujii, a delightful character whom the author uses as dispassionate observer of Westerners' antics.

The book maintains a comfortable philosophical undertone throughout, usually from Fujii's or Thatcher's point of view. There is freshness of phrasing without literary affectation. The reader is spared the sprinkling of Japanese words and expressions that would have been irresistible to another author.

One may or may not agree with Mr. Lamott's views on missionaries and their work, but his own background makes it impossible for dissenters to claim that he does not know what he is writing about. The author gathered background material for his first book, "The Stockade," from wartime duty as prisoner-of-war interrogator on Okinawa. If he must write only from personal knowledge drawn from his own backlog of experience, let's hope that he continues to get around a lot.

Alexandra Orme—"a disillusioned view."

Fiction Notes

PARIS WITHOUT SAVOR: The setting Alexandra Orme has chosen for her novel, **"Paris Original"** (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50) is a smart dressmaking establishment in Paris, which in itself always has a certain glamour, and that is the book's chief interest. For those readers who can identify and recognize the Maison Deschamps with its "morbid and eccentric" design at the entrance, a Sphinx wearing a lace bra, there may possibly be an added interest. If so, they will be lucky, for the characters as a whole are not very convincing. We see Parisian life through the eyes of a remarkably disillusioned Polish woman, Kristina Czaykowska, now in her thirties. She doesn't like her job much. She is the receptionist at Maison Deschamps and she does so much complaining that one wonders if she could be a good receptionist. She refers to Madame Deschamps as the "Snake" and her co-workers and customers get on her nerves for various reasons. The "unbearable atmosphere" smells of an unappreciated perfume called C'est Ca. Her personal life is no happier. She doesn't care for her husband. Thadée (or Tadzio), whom she hasn't seen for eight years and who turns up suddenly and unconvincingly as an unwelcome surprise, just as she is involved in a love affair with a middle-aged Pole named Ostrowski. She doesn't like Frenchmen, nor Prunier's restaurant in Rue Traktir. Nor her hotel. She says at one point, "I have ugly dresses, ugly soapy hair. I live in an ugly room." (We are supposed to disagree.) Her feet ache. She dislikes poverty. She does not like Paris. "Paris is just slave labor," she says. She is fond of Poles, particularly

(*Continued on page* 35)

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EAST AND WEST

The Machine vs. the Orient

"The Arabian Peninsula," by Richard H. Sanger *(Cornell University Press. 295 pp. $5), is a report on some of the lesser-known parts of the Arab world—the oil coast, the deep desert, the high mountains of Yemen—by an official of our State Department widely traveled in the area. Here it is reviewed by Professor Emil Lengyel of New York University, author of a number of books about the Middle East.*

By Emil Lengyel

THERE is magic, evidently, in vast deserts where one sees much of nature and little of man. The Arabian peninsula has inspired some of the greatest travel literature in English: Burton's "Personal Narrative," Kinglake's "Eothen, or Traces of Travel Brought Home from the East," and such modern samples as T. E. Lawrence's "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom," the Empty Quarter books of Bertram Thomas and H. St. John Philby, and Freya Stark's descriptions of the southern gates of Arabia.

Like his illustrious predecessors, Richard H. Sanger has fallen under the spell of the Arabian peninsula. Some pages of his "The Arabian Peninsula" rank with the great writing about this region, while all of them provide excellent reading.

Mr. Sanger's publishers describe him as Public Affairs Adviser of the Bureau of Near Eastern, South Asian, and African Affairs, formerly officer in charge of Arabian Peninsula affairs in the State Department. Less circumspectly, his listing in that Department's "Diplomatic Register" mentions also his background as a reporter for a newspaper syndicate.

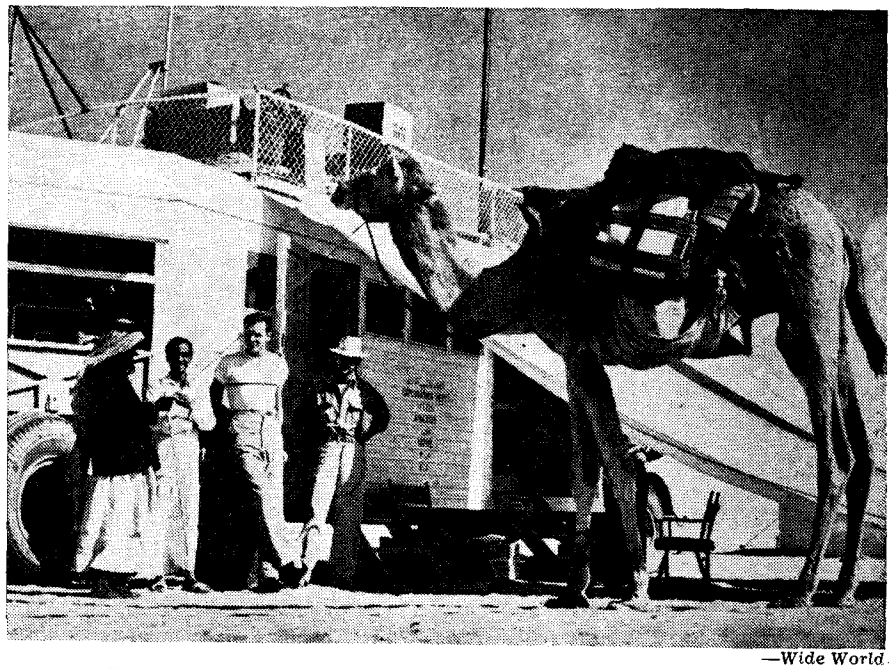
In this book Mr. Sanger appears to have been working against odds, as his public position seems to have inhibited him from expressing his private opinions. Had his personality been allowed to show he might well have produced a latter-day "Personal Narrative." Nor could he allow himself to criticize Arab ruling circles or to write about the depths of misery of famished people in the shadow of fabulous wealth. But on balance these obvious drawbacks are outweighed by the merits of his book.

"The Arabian Peninsula" is devoted to regions which the traveler will not find on any Cook's tour. Some of Mr. Sanger's trips would have qualified him as an explorer a few years ago. Today the jeep and plane have cut down the field. The last unknown stretches of the world, Arabia's awful Empty Quarters, are now being approached by oil geologists. Mr. Sanger himself has penetrated into the hitherto little-known peripheries of the great Arab Quadrangle on the Trucial Coast of the Persian Gulf, and the Muscat and Oman protectorates. He has visited Yemen, which is less known than Tibet, even though it is situated along the Main Street of the World, the Suez-Red Sea route. He has seen the scorched wastes of the Hadramaut, where ancient cultures are buried in the sand. He tells his readers about Saudi Arabia and its new King, Saud al Saud, about the fabulous "Aramco," which is America's largest private investment in the Arab world. He does not overlook "Texas in Arabia," where the world's most pampered people, Americans, live in the world's least pampered region.

IT all adds up to this: the irresistible force of Western dynamism has begun to overcome the seemingly immovable object of Eastern lethargy. The Orient has given the West its spiritual values and the Occident is now conquering the East with its material values. The Machine is the world conqueror. Parts of Arabia have vaulted from the early Bronze Age into the late Atomic Age.

In this transformation many obstacles will have to be overcome: habits, traditions, social taboos, religious injunctions. Mr. Sanger writes about the young Saudi Arabian airport-tower expert who had to dispatch a weather report to the royal plane en route to the oil coast, when a duststorm wrapped it in noontime darkness. The report read: "Visibility excellent, ceiling unlimited." Intercepted in the nick of time by the American supervisor, the young Arab explained: "After all, this is His Majesty's country and I have no right to say it is not perfect."

Mr. Sanger has dug out some delightful pieces of early Americana relating to the Arabian peninsula. One of them is a letter of President Fillmore "To our Great and Good Friend His Majesty Seyed Syeed Bin, Sultan of Muscat and its Dependencies," in which the President of the United States wrote: "The Treaty between our countries is now the Supreme Law of the land . . ." referring to the earliest treaty between the United States and an Arab country. It is to be hoped that this disclosure will not set off another interminable investigation in Congress. Mr. Sanger is on less controversial ground in reporting that the national anthem of the contemporary Sultanate of Lahej in Arabia's deep desert is a medley of marches by the American band king, John Philip Sousa. It may also be mentioned in this connection that this book is written with an ingratiating sense of humor.



—Wide World

Ships of the desert meet—"the last unknown stretches of the world."

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The Rejection of West by East

"Asia and Western Dominance," by K. M. Panikkar *(John Day Co. 530 pp. $7.50), is an Indian diplomat's interpretation of Asian history from 1498 to 1945. Harold H. Fisher, who reviews it below, is chairman of the Hoover Institute and Library, Stanford University.*

By Harold H. Fisher

> . . . the principle that the doctrines of international law did not apply outside Europe, that what would be barbarism in London or Paris is civilized conduct in Peking (*e.g.*, the burning of the Summer Palace), and that European nations had no moral obligations in dealing with Asian peoples (as, for example, when Britain insisted on the opium trade against the laws of China, though opium-smoking was prohibited by law in England itself) was part of the accepted creed of Europe's relations with Asia. . . . Till the end of European domination the fact that rights existed for Asians against Europeans was conceded only with considerable mental reservation. . . . In fact, except in Japan this doctrine of *different rights* persisted to the very end and was a prize cause of Europe's ultimate failure in Asia.

THE account of how the West came to set up, enforce, and finally abandon this doctrine of different and unequal rights, given by K. M. Panikkar, formerly Indian Ambassador to China and currently Ambassador to Egypt, in his book "Asia and Western Dominance," will be read with more appreciation behind the Iron Curtain than outside it. The author is not a Communist; in fact, he belongs to a class and a political party the Communists intend to liquidate when they get around to it. But Communists will find in his book a view of history that appears to support Lenin's theory of imperialism; they will find a sympathetic interpretation of Russia's Asian relations before and since the Bolshevik Revolution. These views compensate somewhat for Ambassador Panikkar's failure to recognize that the alternative to colonialism is Communism. To be told all this may irritate the Westerner who does not believe in the inevitability of Communism or the current Soviet version of Russian history, but it will do him a lot of good, for Mr. Panikkar's views are held by a great many Asians in positions of influence.

Many will agree, for example, with his contention that Christian missionaries failed not only because of the strength of Hinduism and Buddhism but because they had an attitude of moral superiority, because they exalted European culture, and claimed to have a monopoly of truth while disagreeing among themselves as to which denomination had the real monopoly, and especially because missionary activity was identified with imperialism.

Mr. Panikkar believes that the great influence of the West on Asia, exercised principally during the last century, will remain strong even though Western dominance is ended. He mentions the significance of the "imposing and truly magnificent legal structure" and the principle of equality before the law. He speaks of the replacement of "Oriental despotisms" with republics, the growth of great cities with their complex administrative machinery of boards, commissions, committees, and citizen responsibilities, the integration into national states of vast areas like India and China, the introduction of new art forms, the spread of knowledge that caused Asians to realize that Asia was not the center of the world. The Western imperialists also introduced nationalism, which in time destroyed their dominance. Mr. Panikkar suggests that the unity inherent in the "racial arrogance of Europeans" aroused a countervailing unity of Asians, especially among the common peoples, who in spite of linguistic, intellectual, and other differences have common features in Buddhism, ancestor reverence, and family relationships. It appears to me that he may overestimate both the unity of Asia, with its explosive communal and particularist problems, and the unity of Western attitude and policy toward Asia.

NO ONE is likely to question the importance Mr. Panikkar attributes to the effects of World War I—"a civil war within the European community of nations"—in weakening the imperial powers and strengthening the Asian movements for self-determination. But, unlike previous civil wars within that community, the issues were transformed from imperialist *vs.* imperialist to democracy *vs.* autocracy and self-determination *vs.* imperialism, not only in Asia but in Europe and Russia as well. Mr. Panikkar mentions the importance of President Wilson's declarations, he emphasizes the significance of Lenin's formula that the self-determination of colonial peoples was part of a struggle against capitalism, but he does not note how the Communists down-graded self-determination by insisting that the "right of proletarian internationalism" is a higher right, and that only the Communists acceptable to Moscow are entitled to speak for those who have the right of self-determination. The Communists have given practical effect to this doctrine by attempting to overthrow the non-Communist governments of liberated countries such as India and Indonesia and by the imposition of Communist dictatorships on the captive states of Eastern Europe.

—*Justus in* The Minneapolis Star

"Book Salesman"

Mr. Panikkar's treatment of Russia as separate from Europe is sound, but his notion that Czarist imperialism was somehow gentler than the European brand and that the sovietization of the Central Asian republics was the work of Asians themselves is very bad history. It follows the current Soviet historical line, but it is not supported by contemporary accounts or by the Communist interpretation, thirty years ago, of Czarist conquest and Soviet reconquest of Central Asia and the Caucasus.

Bad history or not, the inclination of many Asians to think the best of Russian relations with Asia, past and present, and to suspect the United States as the heir to European imperialism is one of the important facts of life of our international relations. Ambassador Panikkar, with skill and persuasiveness, shows why they feel this way. That is important for us to know.

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India's Influence: 500 to 1500 A.D.

"The Culture of South-East Asia," by Reginald Le May (Macmillan, 218 pp. $9.50), is an account of the artistic, architectural, and religious influences of pre-British India on the various states of Southeast Asia. It is reviewed here by Richard J. Coughlin, member of the Southeast Asia Studies staff at Yale University.

By Richard J. Coughlin

NOT too long ago it was Guadalcanal, more recently it was Korea. Now Southeast Asia is the latest of the little-known areas of the globe to become vital to the defense of the free world. Almost any information on the peoples and cultures of Southeast Asia must be welcomed; the greater the fund of our knowledge the better will we understand the political and social challenges facing us there. Fortunately, we now have "The Culture of South-East Asia," by Reginald Le May, a leading British authority on the area, one of those sympathetic diplomat-scholars so rare today in any Foreign Office, who has spent more than twenty-five years in the Far East and twenty in the systematic study of its art.

Historically the peoples occupying the great Southeast Asian peninsula which separates China and India have been molded by those two powerful cultural centers. The range of mountains running down the spine of Annam in French Indochina marks the dividing line between Indian and Chinese culture: north of this range, as in Vietnam today, we find Chinese cultural and social patterns, while everything west and south is based on India. Dr. Le May in this book is concerned exclusively with ancient Indian influences on this area.

Therefore this is not an up-to-date analysis of the cultures of Southeast Asia—as the title might seem to imply—but rather a chronologically-arranged account of the artistic and architectural (and therefore religious) influences of pre-British India on the various states of Southeast Asia, inferred from archeological finds and inscriptions and a few ancient Chinese documents. The time-span covered is roughly one thousand years, from 500 to 1500 A. D., when Indian influences on the area were most pronounced, and the author treats in turn the several Indianized states of Burma, Malaya, Java, Bali, Cambodia, and Siam within this period.

Indian ways of life which permeated this vast area were spread entirely through the remarkably pacific means of missionaries and traders; some colonization certainly occurred, but no attempt was ever made to control or to dominate any of the people of Southeast Asia. At times the Indian migrants were Buddhists, at other times Hindu, as these two great religious systems rose and declined in India itself. By the fifth century A. D. Hinayana Buddhism had spread through Ceylon, Burma, Siam, and the Malay Peninsula, while Hinduism flourished in Sumatra, Java, Bali, and Cambodia. The seventh and tenth centuries witnessed the gradual decline of Hinduism and the rise of Buddhism in most countries of the area. By the eleventh century with the decay of Buddhism in India the flow of this cultural stream ceased, but Indian influences continued to be felt vicariously by Southeast Asians until the close of the fifteenth century.

WITH Buddhism and Hinduism went Indian art and architectural styles and techniques. Indian literature, drama, written language and vocabulary, popular and royal ceremonies and festivals. This rich and varied infusion on the relatively simple Southeast Asian cultures acted like a forced draft on indigenous artistic genius, and from the sculpture and temple ruins remaining today we know that genius attained summits seldom equaled in the world's history. This was indeed the Golden Age of Southeast Asia, and that Indian heritage patterns the life of the simple peasant today. Little wonder that the Southeast Asian peninsula is often termed "Further India," or that Dr. Le May's book is dedicated to the greatest living representative of India today, Pundit Jawaharlal Nehru.

This timely book should appeal to that wide group of intelligent laymen who are already somewhat familiar with Southeast Asia. Dr. Le May's comprehensive account of art finds in the area is the first such compendium in any language. The 216 illustrations of sculpture and temple architecture usefully appended to the volume are superb. In addition, the author has presented for each country a summary of historical events up to 1500 A. D. and a description of ancient kingdoms from which many of the present states have descended. His scholarly description of the Angkor ruins could be profitably read as a guidebook. In fact, anyone traveling to Southeast Asia or stay-at-homes charged with interpreting the area to others would do well to read this book. Although concerned with the past, it may help to dispel some modern misconceptions, thereby assisting in the understanding of the future.

Haying in Connecticut

For Winifred Welles

By Louise Townsend Nicholl

OH look, they're haying in Connecticut
(You know you wrote me once the rick was blue);
A landscape pulsing with the present, but
A legacy, a legend proven true.
Time running in the circles of the years
Comes to this spot again, and slows, delaying,
As the great vista of the field appears,
Set with the spacious pageantry of haying—
The classic repetition of the stack,
The generous fork upflung in epic gesture,
High-riding figures poised upon the rick,
Wearing the immemorial stance and posture
Of those who bear unflinching into story
All they can glean and pack of summer glory.

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France's Only Epic

"The Fables of La Fontaine," translated by Marianne Moore *(Viking Press. 342 pp. $5), is a rendering into English by a distinguished American poet of the whole twelve books of the great French fabulist.*

By Mary M. Colum

THE most impressive thing about Marianne Moore's "The Fables of La Fontaine" is the industry, the laborious industry, that has gone into it. The whole twelve books of La Fontaine's Fables are here put into English. It is indeed a noteworthy achievement. According to interviews with her, Miss Moore was never good at French, and, to start with, she did not know much about La Fontaine; to this day she does not follow spoken French, which means she is unable to follow the recital of a Fable, to appreciate the sound of the lines, the variety of the meters, the curious French lyricism and eloquence of La Fontaine. All this amounts to an irreparable loss to her comprehension of the Fables.

Being an honest person, Miss Moore frankly tells us that she had Professor Harry Levin examine the work to insure a sound equivalent of the French. Now this is about the most dubious course a translator of poetry could commit herself to, though it might not work out disadvantageously in prose. A translator of poetry should know the language so intimately that he or she can supply the inevitable meanings, meanings sometimes remote from the school dictionary meanings. Then, in the case of La Fontaine, the translator should be familiar with the work of La Fontaine's colleagues—Racine, Molière, Boileau—famous as the quartette of the Rue Vieux Colombier: they influenced La Fontaine, and the Court influenced all of them. If the personages of Racine's plays were characters from the Court, so were La Fontaine's Animals, with the great King himself as the Lion.

Miss Moore falls into what this reviewer regards as a fatal temptation of translators of poetry: she turns La Fontaine's fables into the meters of the originals instead of into meters indigenous to the language into which they are being translated. What is still the most readable translation of the Divine Comedy, Cary's, was done into characteristic English blank verse: he did not fool around with the terza rima of the original as certain other translators have done. In one of the worst translations of Goethe's Faust, the translator plumes himself on his faithfulness to the German meters. Now while many of Miss Moore's translations can really be read as fair approximations to the originals—she always gets the story correctly—what she has done poetically with the bulk of the Fables would undoubtedly give a headache to that whimsical gentleman, good Mâitre La Fontaine, Master of Forests and Waters, who learned so much about his plants and animals from following his official occupation, the surveillance of woods, rivers, and streams of his native Château Thierry.

Take, for instance what she makes of that delicious Fable, the Oak and the Reed, with its lovely tripping meter, and look at the last two lines. The storm which has only bent the Reed has uprooted the Oak, and it ends with that stately eloquence which is also a characteristic of La Fontaine when it suits his subject:

> Celui de qui la tête au ciel étoit voisine,
> Et dont les pieds touchoient à l'empire des morts.

which becomes in Miss Moore's version:

> That thing of kingly height whose head has all but touched God's throne—
> Who shoot his root to the threshold of Death's door.

In those lines La Fontaine's reality and naturalness have been missed; he never would have talked of God's throne or Death's door like some village preacher.

It must be said, however, that sometimes Miss Moore achieves a translation that carries over the poetic content; it is noticeable that this happens when she is not translating an actual Fable, but in pieces like "For Those Impossible to Please," "Philomel and Procne," and some others.

IT IS probably true that it is very difficult for an American, even for an Anglo-Saxon of any kind, to get close to La Fontaine. The fabulist is indigenous neither to England nor America. He belongs to nearly every literature in continental Europe. The importance of a fabulist like La Fontaine to the French is a trifle mysterious to outsiders; the French are never tired of reading La Fontaine or writing about him. Taine made him the perfect example of his theory of the race, milieu, and moment, and his book on La Fontaine is still the best there is. The late Jean Giraudoux produced an exciting volume about him which he first gave as a series of lectures with distinguished reciters of the Fables taking part. At the moment of this writing more than one lecture on him is being delivered somewhere in France; the interest never dries up. "The Fables are *our only epic*" one hears continually quoted in France. They can delight a child with a story, a littérateur with their metrical effects, a philosopher with their wisdom.

Yet Mâitre La Fontaine was neither a moral nor, in the ordinary affairs of life, a serious person. He took seriously neither his own marriage nor that of anybody else; he did not take his parenthood seriously; he left his wife and child. He took his official occupation as Master of Waters and Forests seriously only so far as it gave him pleasure. But then he did not have to take it seriously; he had plenty of generous patrons, for he lived in those days in France when people felt it was their duty to support a poet as in our day it is considered a duty to support a religious pastor. He was the type of Frenchman known as Gaulois—that is one who is a mixture of Celt and Latin, with characteristics of naturalness, good nature, egoism, wit, and irresponsibility. Miss Moore in explaining that she is influenced as a translator by Ezra Pound informs us that she follows "the natural order of words, subject, predicate, object, the active voice where possible, a ban on dead words, rhymes synonymous with gusto." But if she had thoroughly understood the natural art of Mâitre La Fontaine, she would have had no need of instruction from Ezra Pound.

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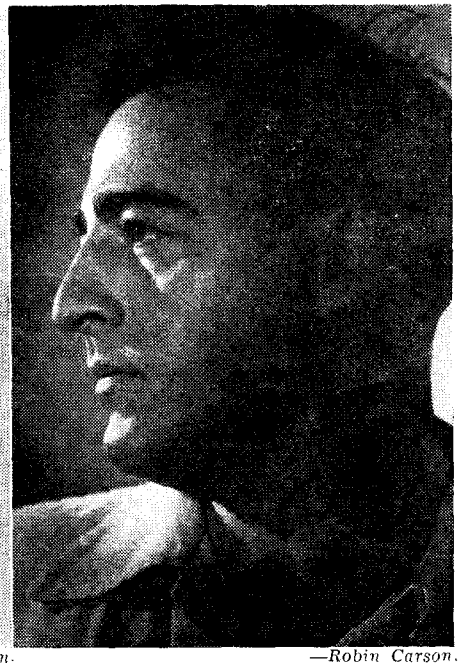
—Lisa Sheridan.



—Robin Carson.

C. Day Lewis, a Neo-Romantic, and Kenneth Patchen, who "sound[s] *fin de siècle*."

Voyage of Self-Discovery

"An Italian Visit," by C. Day Lewis *(Harper, 77 pp. $2.50), records in a narrative poem a Briton's self-discovery in the Eternal City.*

By I. L. Salomon

C. DAY LEWIS is the three-personed embodiment of Tom, Dick, and Harry, waiting at the airport for the plane that will take them to Rome. Plagued by the postwar turmoil of London, "the place for ghosts, if ghosts are invalid monads," Mr. Lewis makes his voyage of self-discovery in an alien land. His travel poem, "An Italian Visit," is introduced by a speculative colloquy on the necessity of flight from insufferable realities. Once airborne, Mr. Lewis shakes off unseemly routine. The naked earth is seen as through a skylight, and in this beginning is his renascence. Finally, the Eternal City sets London in true perspective. The poet's senses awaken to this renewal, and he is made whole.

So much a poet of his time, Mr. Lewis possesses the pulse of contemporary writing. He is not unlike his fellow-Britisher Louis MacNeice, who recently issued his own travel poem, "Ten Burnt Offerings." He takes singular pride in involving poetic speech with awkward journalese. Capable of exciting metaphor in personifying "Today [as] a flutter of meadowsweet thighs," he is also capable of prose statements, so matter of fact they hinder the movement of several episodes. This does not deny him, however, his gift of incorporating colloquialisms to heighten the poetry.

The only section in the book not written during 1948-1949 is Part V, "Florence: Works of Art." Dedicated to Hardy, Yeats, Auden, and Dylan Thomas, these lyrics are written in the style evolved by their progenitors. The one to R.F. is a typical Robert Frost, if Mr. Frost is the R.F. of the lyric. The introductory stanzas of this section follow the rhyme-scheme of the "Rubaiyat." Unfortunately, the manner of each poet is approximated rather than revealed.

What makes "An Italian Visit" particularly viable is the accomplished writing in "A Letter from Rome," the magnificent ode "Bus to Florence," and "The Homeward Prospect." Mr. Lewis, with a good sense of the dramatic, inscribes to his beloved an "Elegy Before Death: At Settignano." It is in *lending* his love to death that he gains his ultimate vision.

A Neo-Romantic, Mr. Lewis writes readable contemporary poetry. Despite a wilful carelessness in execution, he has produced a poetic journal of what it means for a poet to be alive in this cold-war era.

Poetry Notes

STAGEY SAGE: Poems in prose are necessarily neither poems nor prose. The prose, even if not amorphous, cannot withstand the assault of imaginative poetry. Prose-poems have a bodily structure that permit contrarieties to exist in conflict. The words are so ordered that they are intended to produce a binaural effect. In **"The Boating Party"** (New Directions, $3.50) Kenneth Patchen plays the apprentice to Rimbaud, the sorcerer of "Illuminations." Mr. Patchen has so merged paragraph and stanza as to achieve a literary hallucination.

In these trifles he is not without a delicacy of color, mood, and wonder. Irony, tenderness, wit invest many of these pieces, but like most prose-poems they fail, since they sound like stylized aphorisms. Surely Mr. Patchen, who has frequently been an exciting and extremely individual poet, knows better than to wear the mantle of a stagey sage. The tone of this slight book is found in a line like this: "O out of that feast in the blond wood of the morning/came any shadow or unseemly darkening?" Yes, there is Whitman here. In others, Dylan Thomas, Cummings, Auden, the word-play of Joyce, and the bardic tradition of the Irish.

Prose-poems always sound *fin-de-siècle*. They appear whenever civilizations are infected by disease. Our age is no exception, and so it is "The Boating Party" has appeared.

—I. L. Salomon.

BEAUTY FROM GRIEF AND PAIN: Charlotte Mew, who committed suicide in London in 1918, deserves to be better known in this country than she is. You may read of her life in the memoir by Alida Munro, which introduces the **"Collected Poems of Charlotte Mew"** (Macmillan, $2.50). It was a life scarred by poverty and suffering, but from her grief and pain she distilled beauty; and there is more than beauty in her verse—there are the fine, tough fibres of a proud, embattled soul. Her technique is sure, and often extraordinarily skilful. Without feeling any need of radical experimentation, Charlotte Mew could so vary her melodies and harmonies as to make us believe that she must be playing not one but many instruments.

—Ben Ray Redman.

PRIZE WINNERS: Borestone Mountain Poetry Awards (formerly Poetry Awards) has recently issued its fifth annual anthology, **"Borestone Mountain Poetry Awards, 1953"** (University of Pennsylvania Press, $2.50), "a compilation of original poetry published in

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the magazines of the English-speaking world in 1952." Maintaining a nice balance between the two extremes of the uncompromising reactionary and the uncompromising avant-garde, this collection contains poems by many of the distinguished poets of our time as well as the work of excellent though less widely known writers. As the late Leonard Bacon pointed out, such an anthology does an important job in preserving much admirable poetry which would otherwise be lost in the back numbers of magazines, and the editors have upheld a high standard of taste in their selections. Four Pulitzer Prize poets are represented—Robert Hillyer, Peter Viereck, Leonard Bacon, Robert P. Tristran Coffin—and a sampling of the index also lists Helen Bevington, Randall Jarrell, Dilys Laing, David Morton, Alastair Reid, Dylan Thomas, Richard Wilbur, Tennessee Williams, and others. —Sara Henderson Hay.

THIRTY-FIVE-YEAR HARVEST: Would a poet starting today begin by imitating John Masefield? Or Alfred Noyes? Or Carl Sandburg? (That is not to say he would necessarily do any better for himself as a poet by imitating Wallace Stevens, W. B. Yeats. or T. S. Eliot.) Or would he, except for parody perhaps, allow recognizable echoes of Pope, Gray, Coleridge, Tennyson, Joaquin Miller, and Walt Whitman to appear in his own writing? But when Thomas Caldecot Chubb went to Yale in the second decade of this century it must have seemed nearly inevitable. The winning of the Masefield Prize in poetry, given an undoubted talent, followed naturally.

The years since have seen Mr. Chubb carving a place for himself as a Renaissance scholar and a man of action—like his men of the Renaissance—in many fields. In his poetry, however, as now collected in **"Cornucopia: Poems, 1919-1953"** (Fine Editions Press, $4.00), no clear direction yet appears: the poet seems, except for a romantic predilection for the sea, American landscapes, footnotes of history, and "a wonder that he could not disclose," to be blown about by the winds of time. The poet himself, as a distinct personality, escapes between the lines.

In all fairness, it must be added that Mr. Chubb can turn out individual poems that are effective, like "Portrait of a Seadog," "Winged Fable," and "Prayer for Children"—and individual lines, like "As no one knows so very many things," which are happily new and set up resonances that promise depths of meaning. Finally—though there are few novelties in Mr. Chubb's outlook, and even positive infelicities of style—well, he is on occasion able to muster a blunt strength that brings the reader up short—as in the conclusion to "The Drowned Man":

> Yet I looked up and in the sky
> Saw Christ there like a fierce
> white rose.
> Then I looked down, and saw
> hard by
> All mankind dicing for his
> clothes.

—Gerard Previn Meyer.

WIT WITH SOBRIETY: I am certain that, when posterity's precincts have been heard from, Sam Hoffenstein will take his place among the best writers of light verse who have used the English tongue. And, light though his verse may be by definition, it frequently is freighted with sober, even somber, thought. For the most part regular meters served him well; but within these forms the play of his wit and intelligence was free, and to have access to both was and remains a happy experience. One of my most cherished memories is of Sam and me leaving Ernest Boyd's at five in the morning, many years ago. When we came to Fifth Avenue it was deserted, so Sam said: "Let us sit down in the middle of the street and await the dawn." Whereupon we sat ourselves down in the middle of the Avenue, and Sam began to improvise verses in honor of the coming sun. Those verses are not included in **"The Complete Poetry of Samuel Hoffenstein"** (Modern Library, $1.45), but the volume does not need them to make it worthy of a host of new readers. —B. R. R.

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WRITING

The Madman of Charenton

Eighteenth-century Donatien Alphonse François, Comte de Sade, gave his name to a well-known form of sexual aberration: but equally significant has been his influence on the work of leading writers of this and the last century. Robert Pick, novelist and critic, uses four recently published volumes as an occasion to assess his life and work.

By Robert Pick

ONE day in April 1768, in the village of Arcueil, near Paris, the apparently virtuous widow of a pastry cook came running to the police and told them that she had been lured to a nearby villa by a gentleman who had bound her naked to a bed and then beat her with birches, slashed her with a penknife, and poured hot wax in the wounds. The woman had wriggled out of her bonds and escaped via a window into the street. The gentleman was acquitted after indemnifying the widow, even though he admitted the main points of her story.

The gentleman was, of course, the Marquis de Sade, who was even then by no means unknown to rumor and to the police, and whose reputation and works have provoked the publication of no less than four books during the past twelvemonth. Born in 1740, the "plump little bantam" had made a good record as an army officer in war services in the Germanies. But, a few months after his marriage in 1763, at which the royal couple had been present, he was reprimanded for some kind of orgy he had arranged at a *petite maison*, and bound over to stay at his father-in-law's chateau in Normandy. Nevertheless, he soon moved to Paris and, equipped with the ample dowry of his wife, took a dancer from the Opera as his mistress. While not occupied with the danseuse he kept himself busily engaged with a succession of women supplied by a procuress. Although such libertinism was not out of keeping with the mores of the day, it was not long before rumors about Sade's debauches began to attach a peculiar odor to his name.

Four years after the episode of the pastry cook's widow, the Marquis' curious sexual habits got him into more serious trouble at Marseilles. Three prostitutes with whom he and his rakish valet had spent a night filled with excesses denounced Sade for having fed them poisoned aphrodisiacs. Though the women had recovered quickly, he was indicted and, having fled to Italy, was tried *in absentia*. He was found guilty of "poisoning and Sodomy" and condemned to death. The sentence was annulled by the King in 1778, and the Marquis lived and moved with some freedom in France in the intervening years.

This case has given rise to endless discussion among Sade students. Even the posthumous admirers of Sade's work as a novelist—an impressive company including such men as Sainte-Beuve, Beaudelaire, Swinburne, and Guillaume Apollinaire—cannot overlook that gruesome, if never verified, episode. Partisans of Sade repeatedly have maintained that the German psychiatrist Krafft-Ebing wronged him by using his name as a clinical designation. A distinction must be made, they say, between his personal behavior and the erotic pipe-dreams that he poured into both his fiction and certain of his social "reform" propositions.

Geoffrey Gorer's well-documented book, **"The Life and Ideas of the Marquis de Sade"** (British Book Centre, $3.50), whose first version was written twenty years ago under the impact of the early Nazi atrocities, comes close to adopting that attitude. After recounting Sade's life story, Gorer deals with the various intellectual pursuits that mark the second part of Sade's career, giving due note to the consistency of his break with Judeo-Christian morality. The author, a British anthropologist, also turns out to be an astute and witty literary critic. He compares Sade's novel "Justine" and "its continuous triumph of vice" to the "continuous triumph of common sense" in "Don Quixote"; and, with a measure of apology, analyzes Sade's "Juliette" by comparing it to "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," a latter-day story of a girl determined to "utilize [her] only asset." The claims that Mr. Gorer advances for Sade's accomplishments as a psychologist are by no means exaggerated. But his piecemeal treatment of the Marquis, however sound in each piece, seems to rob Sade of the "wholeness" that gives his figure its baleful uniqueness.

—Bettmann Archive.

". . . must we burn Sade?"

Sade's personal profligacy, his oddly pedantic lasciviousness, and the tedious *Schrecklichkeit* of his novels are all part of what Albert Camus calls the "extreme consequences of a rebel's logic once he forgets its true origin." But so also are the political-philosophical ideas whose originality has carried Sade's twentieth-century fame way beyond the notoriety tainting his memory.

HE certainly was a most remarkable man. As a novelist, he is, of course, the ancestor of the Gothic tale-teller, indeed a precursor of romanticism. Particularly in his "Les 120 journées de Sodome," excerpts from which are printed in Leonard de Saint-Yves's judicious collection, **"Selected Writings of De Sade"** (British Book Centre, $6.75), he is a forerunner of modern sexology and of certain concepts of psychoanalysis. And the scientist who in one of Sade's stories boasts of the artificial volcanic eruptions he can produce adds a lugubrious modern touch to Sade's repute as a man far ahead of his day. But it is in his political philosophy, expounded in his treatises as well as his novels and "dialogues," that his "modernity" actually is frightening. "The reduction of man to an object of experiment [says Camus in "The Rebel"], the rule which specifies the relation between the will to power and man as an object . . . are lessons the theoreticians of power will learn again when they have to organize the age of slavery . . . With [Sade] really begins the history and the tragedy of our times."

The total freedom this rebel demands is "not one of principles but of instincts." And the dominant instinct of mankind, to Sade's mind, is

(*Continued on page* 32)

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Little Man on a Horse

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following guest editorial is by Joseph Wood Krutch, critic, essayist, teacher, and author of the "Measure of Man," "The Desert Year," and biographies of Thoreau and Dr. Johnson*

DID you know that hobbyhorses are now hard to come by? I don't mean the sort that you and I ride but the old-fashioned kind which have a head at one end of a stick and are very suitable for use either in the nursery or the back yard.

Perhaps the fact is not very important in itself. But the reason why the toy shops no longer stock the horses is. That reason—as given by S. H., *The New Yorker*'s shopper who keeps an eye out for the little amenities of life—is simply this: the play-school consultants have decided that a hobbyhorse "does not develop the group spirit." The youthful rider is likely to gallop off on an adventure of his own. He may even do something which he happens to want to do instead of adjusting himself to the common denominator of his group. And you know what that can lead to.

Here is a straw in the wind if there ever was one, and the warm winds (sometimes called hot air) which blow lustily around the child psychologists are full of straws. Against anything which suggests nonconformity, introversion, or even a desire to be alone with oneself now and then, they are dead set. "Too much reading"—and an awful little is too much—comes under the same head. The little boy I once saw astride a hobbyhorse *and* with a book in his hand was obviously perilously close to the category "delinquent." Nowadays even "self expression" is routinized. My young friends tell me that if you don't want to finger paint when the others do, that is just too bad. "Do what you want" is the rule. But you jolly well better want what you ought to want and what you ought to want is what the others "at your age level" are supposed to want.

We Americans were once supposed to be admirable individualists but it now seems to be taken for granted in some quarters that we oughtn't to be. If the school councillors—to say nothing of most of the peace-of-mind boys who ladle out advice to so-called adults—have their way, the "rugged" sort of individualism is not the only sort we will soon have got rid of.

Lives of great men may remind us that quite a few of them started going their own way while young. But then they didn't go to a nursery school where there were experts who knew what was good for them. And so they grew up so "unadjusted" that some of them were abnormal to the point of being geniuses. For all anybody knows the whole unfortunate business may have begun with a hobbyhorse which did not "develop the group spirit."

"Look here, Wolfgang Amadeus, why don't you go out and play baseball with the other boys on your age level instead of moping over that old harpsichord all day?"

This, it seems to me, is something which McCarthy might well look into. Too much conformity, too much "group spirit," is exactly what a Communist never thinks anybody has too much of. The individual who has notions of his own and doesn't like even what's good for him if he isn't consulted about it is precisely the man who is hardest to sell on the idea of a democracy which is *for* the people without being *by* them. He doesn't care much for organized leisure; he doesn't march gladly in parades; and he doesn't always believe what he is told.

Totalitarianisms of the right or the left are alike in fostering the most extroverted societies the world has ever known and they aim at producing the most "adjusted" individuals that it is possible to imagine—so adjusted indeed that they really believe that whatever is is right; if only it is "for the group."

MOST proponents of more and better "adjustment" at all age levels are like most Americans in thinking that they are strongly anti-Communist. In fact, and again like most Americans, they tend to be a little too jittery on the subject. But they do not always look under the right beds. As a matter of fact they have a strong tendency to a curious sort of schizophrenia: they hate Communism but they are strongly predisposed to admire many traits and many tendencies which, more consistently, the totalitarians admire also. Sometimes what they seem really to want is the kind of man and the kind of society which stop just short of the totalitarian. They may have no faith in Communism. But they have lost their faith in a good many things which would make Communism impossible.

I am not talking about "creeping Socialism" or any of the other bugbears often raised in conservative quarters. I am not talking about anything which can be discounted as a defense of great economic inequality. In fact, I am not talking about anything economic at all. I am talking about character and temperament: about the kind of human beings we seem to want to produce; and about the methods we rely on in our effort to produce them.

We put more and more faith in "conditioning"—even, paradoxically, in "conditioning" as a method of creating "free" individuals. But we have almost as little faith in actual freedom, moral or intellectual, as the Communists themselves.

Some of our liberal leaders have an unfortunate habit of falling in with the current formulas without, perhaps, really accepting them. Mayor Joseph Clark of Philadelphia has an excellent record as a liberal. Yet he recently permitted himself to justify his hope for the future by remarking that in our schools and universities "youth is *conditioned* [italics mine] to respond to a liberal program of orderly policing of society by Govern-

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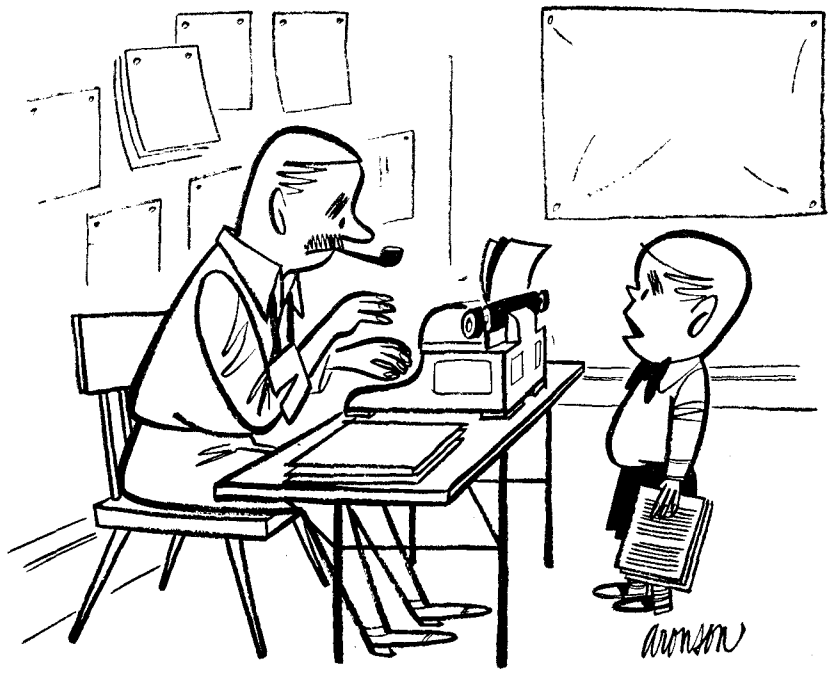
ment, subject to the popular will, in the interests of social justice."

Now I am not objecting to "the orderly policing of society." But I *am* objecting to the fact that Mayor Clark permitted himself to speak as though he didn't pin his faith on education in any sense of that term compatible with a democratic society but upon exactly what the totalitarians rely on. I repeat that I do not believe that he really accepts this philosophy. Probably what he meant to say was that school and college students are being —or should be—led to *think* about policing, about what kind and what extent of policing is necessary or desirable. But what he says is that they are being "conditioned" to respond to a liberal program. Yet he might be willing to agree with me that any program ceases to be "liberal" at the very moment when it becomes acceptable because we have been "conditioned to accept it."



"Keep it down to a short-short, will ya . . . I was only absent two days."

OR TAKE the case of a college textbook on psychology which it has recently been my dubious privilege to examine. It is called "Psychology and Life" and it describes itself as intended to "meet the needs of students without sacrificing scientific rigor." Though it runs to more than five hundred pages only one of them is devoted to a subject called "morals" and this is the definition offered as meeting "the needs of students without sacrificing scientific rigor": "To behave morally is to behave in the way that society approves."

Is there anything better calculated to prepare a student to accept the morality of the totalitarians or to weaken the impression likely to be made upon him by any protests against their violations of what we believe to be decent than the conviction that moral conduct is "nothing but" what a particular society approves of? Sending Jews to the gas chamber or forcing political opponents to confess treason is, by this definition, obviously "moral conduct" just insofar as it is approved of by the society in which the things occur. And if the authors of that textbook believe, as they probably do, that they are wholeheartedly anti-Communist then they are victims of the prevalent schizophrenia. On what basis can they possibly be "opposed" to any form of government or any kind of society if every society is just as "moral" as any other if it is equally acceptable to those who have been conditioned to accept it? And who, I wonder, is most likely to believe that something more than "group approval" is involved in the definition of right and wrong, of good and evil? Is it the child who has sometimes ridden away on a hobbyhorse or the child who has never done anything which did not "develop the group spirit"?

A good deal has been said about the weakness of all merely "anti" programs. We have been wisely told that we ought to promise more than the Communists promise—possibly, even, actually give more than they have ever merely promised—in the way of material welfare. And so perhaps we should. But isn't that at best a sort of "me-tooism"? Can anyone who is not himself so fanatically Marxian as to insist that nothing except material welfare counts for anything at all, possibly refuse to grant that it would be well if we could say also that the mental and spiritual world of democracy is preferable to that of any totalitarianism?

But in what way is it really better unless it is better because a certain amount of individuality, a certain degree of tolerance for the aberrant individual, perhaps even some conviction that "moral" can mean a bit more than "what a given society approves of" are better than the absence of them all? And how can we maintain that they are if we act as though we distrust and wish to discourage every manifestation of individuality?

When the great "modern" architect Le Corbusier was criticized a few years ago because the "Radiant City" which he was permitted to build in Marseilles provided little privacy for its inhabitants and reeked with the odor of cooking, he replied: "What's wrong with the smell of food if the cooking is good? No privacy? My apartments are for young people who have a different ethic from the French or American bourgeoisie. Everybody will be in the saloon together or everybody will go to bed." That is perhaps the "new ethic" which we are trying to inculcate in the little totalitarian monsters which some of the play schools would like to turn out—without an idea, an impulse, or an interest of their own. It is the ethic of those who have "the group spirit" and nothing else but. Is it not also an ethic which would find it not too difficult to "adjust" to one of the totalitarian societies?

When we foster that ethic we justify the suspicion that our so-called opposition to the totalitarian philosophy is only a certain lack of consistency, an unwillingness to accept the logic of our own premises; perhaps merely a disinclination to move quite so fast as some others do. But will we really win if the most we have to say of our enemies is only that "they go too fast and too far"? What's the use of talking about the rights of the individual unless you at least tolerate individuals who are individualistic enough to want the right to choose? Or is the only right which a so-called individual really has merely the right to want to do, and to think, what everybody else does? And are we so afraid that he might develop some genuine individuality that we don't dare trust him to gallop as far from "the group" as the other side of the room?

Perhaps the best answer to totalitarian promises of material welfare is a chicken in every pot. But if we want to encourage a distaste for the atmosphere of totalitarian society, then maybe our first slogan should be: "*Two* hobbyhorses in every nursery." —JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH.

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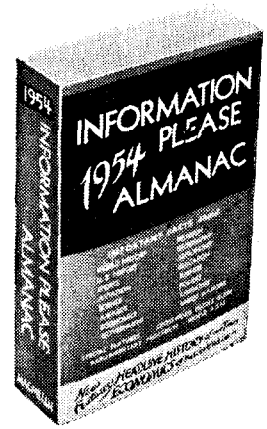

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

REAPPRAISAL WITHOUT AGONY

WITH WHAT WE HAVE COME to accept as his usual prescience, Peter Viereck in "Sunrise in The West" [*SR* June 12] has again directed our attention to the things that matter in our relations with Europe.

How right he is in showing up an anti-Americanism which is replacing its humor with overtones of deadly seriousness. Satirizing the gaucherie of the New World's cultural barbarians has long been a fascinating pastime for Europeans—and it has long been vastly enjoyed by those Americans who are adult enough not to mind being lampooned.

But what are we to say when Europeans lose the underlying whimsy of their disparagements and start to erect them into areas of high policy? Surely it is not only self-interest or self-flattery for Americans at this juncture to complain to their trans-Atlantic critics that they are being carried away on the broom handles of gross exaggeration.

Mr. Viereck does well to dispose of another myth: the utility of notions of "right" and "left" in foreign policy. Since 1914 these terms have been milked of whatever meaning they once possessed. There used to be a popular stereotype of a left-wing alignment of internationalists, anti-militarists, pacifists, and liberals; contrasting with a right-wing alignment of nationalists, militarists, chauvinists, and reactionaries. These old concepts all came crashing down with World War I, when the political forces on each side of the battle line drew together for their own fatherland.

While Mr. Viereck's proposed adjectives "separatist" and "Westernizing" are perhaps too unwieldy for general use, they do clarify our real policy alternatives. When he says that "freedom-loving idealism cuts across right and left, just as does communazi totalitarianism," he is just as correct as when he adds that ethics, not economics, must be the criterion on which we must approach our foreign friends.

These are the distinctions that ought to be made, and no one knows better than Mr. Viereck why and how such distinctions are deliberately obfuscated by American politicians who have their own ends to serve.

Mr. Viereck has given us a reappraisal without agony—one that deserves the dispassionate and dedicated attention of his readers.

CHESTER BOWLES.

Essex, Conn.

MESSRS. TUNIS AND SMITH

I ENJOYED YOUR RECENT ARTICLES on two of my favorite authors, John R. Tunis [*SR* June 19] and H. Allen Smith [*SR* June 26]. I grew up on Mr. Tunis's books, reading them throughout my high-school years, and I never read one which did not have the real flavor of the sport. My father was a football, basketball, and track

coach, and I learned to know the agonies as well as the pleasures of the profession. We both agreed that Mr. Tunis captured, better than anyone else, what it meant to have the fever. My personal favorite was "The Iron Duke."

Then, as a bonus, came Bergen Evans's article on Mr. Smith, whom I discovered in college. Being a Westerner, I especially enjoyed "He Went Thataway."

My favorites of light reading would be well accounted for if you would only give due recognition to that delightful expert in understatement, British humor, and spy stories, Manning Coles. Surely there is no better pair of hammock books than "Toast to Tomorrow" and "Drink to Yesterday."

ROBIN W. WINKS.

Baltimore, Md.

ENLIGHTENED PURITY

EVEN AS ONE who has yet to accept without flinching the current usage of "proven" as the past participle of "prove," I cannot share Steven T. Byington's consternation over the popular meaning of the word "connive." [LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, SR July 3]. That this word is presently enjoying unprecedented currency should be blamed on our public officials rather than on lax English. For there is little doubt as to the word's meaning as it is used.

Merriam-Webster's "Collegiate Dictionary" of 1941 recognized the then current usage of "connive" in its second meaning, as, "To co-operate (with) secretly, or to have a secret understanding (with)." Later dictionaries are even more specific about the meaning of the word when followed by "at" as opposed to the meaning when followed by "with." Fowler has remained a comforting source to lean on for enlightened purity, and he made it clear many times in his valuable work, "A Dictionary of Modern English Usage," that he would eventually bend to sensible and useful changes in the language. And, after all, a dictionary is not a creator of rules, but—at a respectable pace—a recorder of established usage.

JOHN L. MEYER II.

Great Kills, N. Y.

"THE DUCHESS AND THE SMUGS"

IN PAMELA TAYLOR'S REVIEW of "A Wreath for the Enemy," by Pamela Frankau [*SR* July 3], she says: "The first section, 'The Duchess and the Smugs,' has a complete and satisfying entity of its own, as readers of *The New Yorker* will remember."

Readers of *The New Yorker* may or may not remember this, but readers of the August 1952 issue of *Harper's*, in which "The Duchess and the Smugs" appeared, undoubtedly will.

ELISABETH L. SHOEMAKER.

New York, N. Y.

LETTERS BY EDUARD C. LINDEMAN

THE WORKS OF EDUARD C. LINDEMAN are being edited for publication, and we wish to include, if possible, significant letters which express his personality or philosophy. We are particularly interested in comments on social patterns, individual or inter-group coordination, means versus ends, social or political participation, and recreation. Letters will be copied and returned.

ROBERT GESSNER.

Oakland, N. J.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Brando on the Waterfront

LET ME say right off that "**On the Waterfront**" (*Columbia*) is one of the most exciting films ever made in the United States. Later on I will qualify that statement, but I want to report at the outset that there is a tremendous picture around, a film absolutely explosive in its impact on the emotions and on the motion picture as a form.

In the past several years there have been two things happening in the movies. On the one hand, Hollywood has been developing its capacity to bedazzle. The new aspect ratios and the ultimate-weapon budgets are the latest means by which the Technicolor Tintorettos have turned film into the mightiest canvas the world has ever seen. At the same time, a number of earnest toilers in the business have been aware that the Europeans made us look like popcorn peddlers when it came to showing life problems of working-class persons in their own homes and on their own streets. The other half of the Hollywood story has been a conscious effort to make contact with the living plainness of the European film image. That effort was a vain one—until now. No matter how many camera crews were sent on location to Brooklyn or New York's East Side, there was usually a synthetic flavor to the material, principally because such settings were used for manufactured stories in which violence was a major titillation.

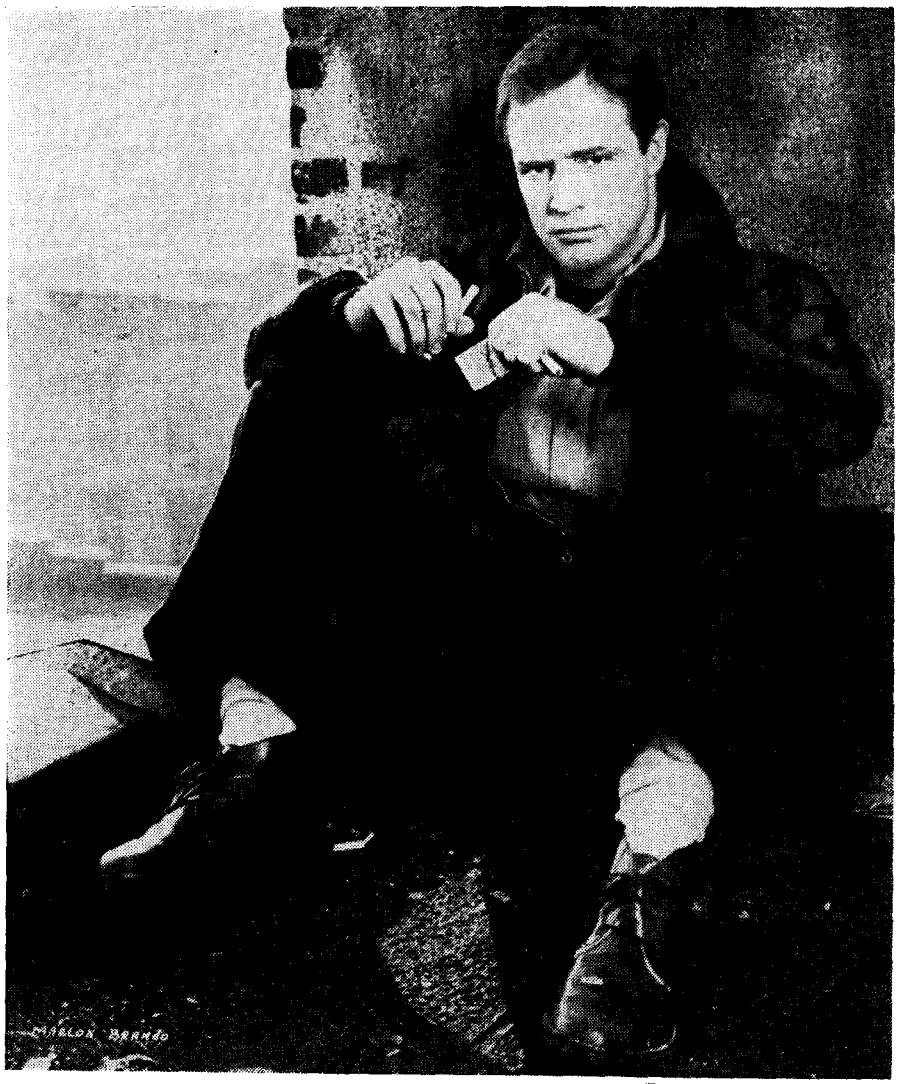
Now Elia Kazan has moved his cameras onto the Hoboken docks and has broken through the subtle filter which has previously shielded American lenses from the harsh light of reality. And if "On the Waterfront" were not an event for this reason, it would be one because of the performance of Marlon Brando, one of the finest things any man has done on the screen.

"Waterfront" is the story of an ex-prizefighter who is the errand boy for a crooked labor leader. Johnny Friendly, union boss, has turned the docks into his personal fief, the longshoremen into his serfs. He clips their pay envelopes, lends them money at Shylock rates, orders them out on flash strikes when he sees the chance to shake down a shipper with a dockful of perishable fruit, brutally snuffs out the life of anyone who plays stool pigeon for the crime commission investigating conditions on the waterfront. The background facts for Budd Schulberg's screenplay were supplied by Malcolm Johnson's prize-winning articles, and the film documents a story of peonage enforced by thugs with the acquiescence of the shippers.

In the midst of these assassins, Terry, the prizefighter, is little more than a mascot, tolerated because his educated brother is counsel for the union boss. Brando's performance in this role is a piece of genuine artistry. With half-sentences finished by body shrugs and fish gestures of the hands, with a drawn-brow groping for words, with a street arab's laugh or quick insult, with an ex-athlete's bounce to his walk, Brando projects a wonderfully absorbing portrait of a semi-stupid, stubborn, inner-sweet young man.

Terry is not particularly troubled by his role as coffee-runner and messenger boy for the mob until one of his errands helps set up the sudden death of a neighborhood pigeon fancier who had given a statement to the crime commission. The murder becomes the occasion for the formation of a rump organization spearheaded by a militant priest and the sister of the murdered boy. The prizefighter meets the sister, takes her to a saloon, buys the parochial schoolgirl her first glass of beer, and falls in love with her in a scene that is inexpressibly sweet.

The fighter is subpoenaed by the crime commission. Johnny Friendly sends the lawyer brother to stop his mouth. The brothers have an unforgettable scene as they ride together in a taxi toward the execution headquarters. "It was you made me a bum, Charlie," says the prizefighter, and Brando's reading of this line is match-



—*From "On the Waterfront."*

Marlon Brando—"one of the finest things any man has done on the screen."

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less. "I coulda had class. I coulda been a contender." The lawyer, ashamed, lets his brother escape, and is murdered by the mob in his stead.

The prizefighter testifies before the crime commission and then returns to the docks, where the labor racketeer's hold over the men is eventually broken in a blood bath finale.

Kazan has served himself well in casting the film. Lee J. Cobb is effective as the labor boss. Eve Marie Saint, a television actress making her first movie appearance, is appealing as the girl, and Karl Mauldin makes a forceful priest. Rod Stieger displays a brilliant understanding of the weak, easy-money, easy-power attorney who stands at the labor boss's side.

"On the Waterfront" will undoubtedly create a storm of excitement because of its use of the screen and because of Brando's vitalizing performance. I suspect that among the viewers there will be many who will find the ending somewhat pat and preachy and the plotting a bit slick. The word "slick," I am aware, is an abused word in the critic business, for slickness is part of our delight in many plays, motion pictures, and stories. But there are times when a certain easiness, a certain plot maneuvering, debases the currency of the work. This is probably the reason why "On the Waterfront" is more an electric piece of journalism than it is a drama of the first rank. But despite "Waterfront's" shortcomings, there is no doubt that a landmark in American movie-making has been established by this documentary of the docks.

—Lee Rogow.

SR Recommends

On the Waterfront: Reviewed in this issue.

The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe: The Defoe classic as interpreted for the screen by Mexico's much-admired director Luis Bunuel, with Dan O'Herlihy as the lonely Crusoe. (*SR* July 17.)

Man With a Million: Mark Twain's story about a million-pound banknote, sparklingly played by Gregory Peck and an all-British supporting cast. (*SR* July 10.)

The Caine Mutiny: Herman Wouk's engrossing story is superbly acted by Humphrey Bogart, Jose Ferrer, Van Johnson, and Fred MacMurray—with an able assist from the U.S. Navy. (*SR* June 26.)

Mr. Hulot's Holiday: The sights, sounds, and inanities of a French seaside resort are caught to perfection in this satire written, directed, and starring Jacques Tati, who shows that the Chaplin-Keaton-Lloyd tradition is still gloriously alive. (*SR* June 19.)

The Unconquered: This full-length documentary biography of Helen Keller is a remarkable portrait of a remarkable woman—and it's a far cry from the fictionalized biographical extravaganzas that have been issuing from Hollywood lately. (*SR* June 12.)

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TV AND RADIO

Writer Is a Dirty Word

I SUPPOSE the classic adlib of the past television season will have to be credited to Jackie Gleason. On his final show he found himself with a couple of minutes to fill, so he began a recitation of the names of the people "without whom this show would never have been possible," as the saying goes.

As names came to Jackie he genuflected gracefully in their direction. There were quite a few: producers—cameramen—orchestra leader—choreographer—managers. Then, fearful that he might have forgotten someone who had helped him climb near the top of television success this past season, we could see him begin to search his memory. Another name came out—another—and then he finally wound up with the usual last-but-by-no-means-least: "All the stagehands headed by the finest head stagehand in television, Mr. Eddie Brinkman," without whom this show could never have been possible. (APPLAUSE)

Mr. Brinkman, I suppose, could be the finest stagehand in all television, but I doubt that even Mr. Brinkman confides to his friends that he had anything to do with creating the now famous character of Ralph Cramdon, bus driver. Yet the names of that assortment of gentlemen who sat at their typewriters week after week toiling to bring Ralph Cramdon into being never occurred to Jackie in those final two minutes of triumph.

It's possible he didn't know their names. It's possible that when he received his mimeographed script each week he visualized dozens of tiny, unshaven elves in leather aprons and fools' caps, their hands and faces smeared with printer's ink and perspiration, crawling in and out of a huge typewriter dragging the pages after them and whistling while they worked.

Mr. Gleason in his Ralph Cramdon character gives the most honest performance any comedian gives any character in television. This honesty of performance, very often at the sacrifice of jokes in order to sustain the integrity of characterization, is what has captured the attention of television viewers. It's too bad Jackie couldn't have sustained that honesty another two minutes.

In this connection I offer, and ask to be placed into the record, another exhibit of the mental block which comedians have about writers. This time it's another Jack—Carson by name. I quote from *Radio and Television Daily* the plans outlined by Mr. Carson for a new radio show in which he will star.

"Jack Carson," it says here, "veteran radio and motion-picture comedian, will star in a new program when CBS presents the Jack Carson Show.

"Backing the unpredictable Carson will be the talented young vocalists Doris Drew and Tony Romano and an orchestra directed by pianist-composer Walter Gross, who wrote the hit song 'Tenderly.'

"Miss Drew starred in her own radio program for several years in Chicago. She has appeared in theatres and night clubs in many parts of the country. Mr. Romano is well known to radio listeners and club-goers and has recorded several big-selling records.

"The Taylor Maids trio, whose recordings are also attracting national attention, will be regular performers. Special musical arrangements will be supplied by Roy Chamberlain. Bob Stewart will announce." . . . End of quote.

I WILL not try to predict what the "unpredictable Carson" is going to do on this radio show, but I have a feeling that somewhere along the line he will read from a script. Even if it's only to say, after Miss Drew has finished singing a ballad, "Thank you, Doris, that was wonderful. And now in a gayer mood we take you to Latin America as Tony Romano sings 'The Peanut Vender'." Yet, according to the announcement there has been no arrangement made for a writer. And, if there has been, there is no mention of the word "writer." All the ingredients that go to make up a program are there—the star, the vocalists, the trio, the orchestra leader, the arranger, and even the announcer. Here come those elves again.

In the theatre and motion pictures by contrast the writer is given his due. It's news, for instance, that George Kaufman has just written a play, and there is no mention of who will be the stage manager when the play is produced. In a trade-paper advertisement there was a full-page photograph of the gifted young actress Vanessa Brown announcing she is soon to star in a picture, "Moll Flanders." There were only two lines of type. One said that Miss Brown had just finished six hundred performances as a star on Broadway in "The Seven Year Itch"; the other said that the screen play for "Moll Flanders" was being written by Roland Kibbee.

Television will reach maturity when it realizes, as have the stage and the movies, that successful entertainment depends not alone on the stars who play it but the stars in combination with those who write the words the stars speak. As someone once wrote, "The play's the thing." What's his name again? —GOODMAN ACE.

"He'll be all right, but I'm afraid he's got greasepaint in his blood."

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Berlioz and Boston Symphony At Tanglewood Under Munch

Charles Munch directing his Tanglewood orchestra—"momentum and eloquence."

LENOX, MASS.

OF THE well-known musical works based on the "Faust" legend—the Wagner overture, the Liszt symphony, Boïto's "Mefistofele," and Gounod's opera—Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust" is not only the least accessible but also the most imaginative. That was the happy revelation of the season-opening performance by the Boston Symphony at Tanglewood in the Berkshires under Charles Munch. How many of the other 8,500 auditors (an amazing total for such a work) shared the sense of revelation is difficult to say; but the work's impact was evident in the close attention and solid applause with which the several sections were followed.

The oddity is, of course, that Berlioz was one of the first musicians to approach the subject (Schumann's little-known effort dates from the middle 1840's, Spohr's from the next decade)—yet he sensed more of its dramatic possibilities and special kind of atmosphere than most of those who followed. Indeed, his evocation of devilish powers in the "Minuet of the Will-o-the-Wisps" and "Dance of the Sylphs," his "Song of the Flea" for Mephistopheles and love music for Faust, not to mention the inspired measures of Marguerite's "D'Amour l'ardente flamme," have more of the mature sorcery inherent in Goethe's writing (or this part of it) than most of the music written afterwards.

One can only regret the chain of circumstances which, in the wake of the failure of his "Benvenuto Cellini" at the Opéra, inclined Berlioz to conceive his treatment of Goethe as a "dramatic legend" for concert use, rather than as a stage spectacle. For there is certainly enough of spectacle implied, in what he wrote, as well as of dramatic effect conveyed, to convince one that the stage was the natural habitat of this effort. Any other outcome was fortuitous, unwanted, equivocal.

Needless to say, there have been numerous efforts to habituate the "Damnation" to the theatre, including a relatively successful one launched by Raoul Gunsbourg at Monte Carlo in 1894, and reprised in several French theatres, as well as at the Metropolitan nearly fifty years ago. However, Berlioz, who tended to be more dramatic in his non-theatrical works than in those designed for the purpose, omitted too much to tell a really consecutive story. Dipping back into the past of that Metropolitan production one discovers an eyewitness, W. J. Henderson of the *Sun*, reporting as much in his review of the event: "The work is deficient in action and its pictures have no valid connection."

This returns us, then, to the question of just what Berlioz wrote and how it made its effect at this most recent hearing. It is, surely, a kind of glorified tone poem (though the term was not known at the time), in which the orchestra carries the main discourse and does most of the dramatic commentary, for all the prominence of the vocal parts allotted to singers representing the two lovers, as well as to Mephistopheles, Brander, and the choral-public. It is to the instrumental group that we owe the performance of the celebrated "excerpts," and it is its function to summarize at the end of each section.

In all respects, the Boston musicians were equal to the responsibilities put upon them, whether it was the dark foreboding that ushers in Faust's first appearance, the clangor of the "Rakoczy March" (surely one of the most contrived and gloriously evocative episodes in dramatic music), the viola solo by Joseph di Pasqualis supplementing Marguerite's "Roi de Thule," or Louis Speyer's English horn poignantly echoing "D'Amour l'ardente flamme." Munch's enthusiasm for the work was clearly communicated to the players and singers, not to mention the zealots of the chorus from Radcliffe and Harvard.

At the same time, watching, as well as listening to, the work from various vantage points, one could not help feeling that the substance of the performance derived from arduous preparation for the spring performance in Boston and the subsequent recording sessions, rather than from Munch's communication of the emotions as they occurred. Indeed, it would have required mental telepathy to persuade a player or a section just where an entrance was indicated or a cue to be followed, so vague was his beat, so non-conclusive his directions. The outcome was a performance of much momentum and eloquence, though subtleties of texture were frequently absent in a concentration on top and bottom outline.

The solo singing was provided by Martial Singher, a Mephistopheles of style if little vocal suavity, and David Poleri, a Faust of much vocal power if no particular style, and Eleanor Steber, a Marguerite of some style and indefinite vocal suitability. The various imbalances suggested were rarely resolved, though Miss Steber sang her third-act scene with much conviction (if with no real power at the bottom) and Poleri often charmed the ear while repelling the senses with his apostrophes to "Margerita" (or more of the Italian-sounding equivalent than the French).

In most ways, however, this was one of the notable events in the long Tanglewood sequence, and one which should be brought back at sufficiently suitable intervals to foster an audience appreciation of the work while permitting the participants to better their mastery of the problems involved. Both considerations represent a challenge, and it would be a service decidedly in the public interest for the Berkshire Festival to assume them as a special phase of its activity.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Machines and Men

Continued from page 10

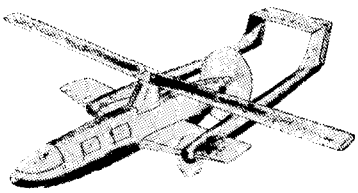
might have increased the rocket power, but progress in that field in Germany was slow. In any case, it was too late. On August 17, 1943 Peenemünde was raided by 600 British bombers. Mass production of the A-5 (V-2), as demanded by Hitler's generals, was now out of the question. However, more than 10,000 rockets were launched against England before the end came for this new weapon of war. In March 1945 it could no longer reach England or Holland from the retreating German front.

We are unlikely ever to know whether Dornberger's claims are justified or his work was simply not brilliant enough to achieve results before the eleventh hour. But even so his book, filled with innumerable technical data and details and with many intimate glimpses of Nazi leaders and German war lords, makes the fascinating and fearful story of the V-2 absorbing reading. Once again the German scientific mind is revealed in its superiority, the German autocratic mind in its inferiority.

Copernicus to Today

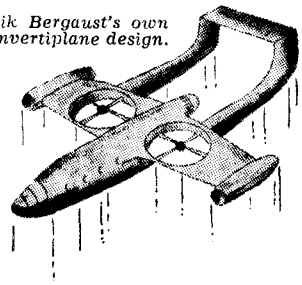
GOOD SCIENTIFIC WRITING: One of the most effective ways of introducing science to the general reader is through the writings of the scientists themselves. Many original papers are first-rate examples of clear and vivid explanation. Excerpts from some of the best are presented in **"A Treasury of Science,"** edited by Harlow Shapley (Harper, $5.95), together with the contributions of such master popularizers as Jeans, Eddington, the Huxleys (Thomas and Julian), and Sir Arthur Keith. This valuable anthology, first published during the war, has been revised and brought up to date. It includes sections on scientists and the scientific method, the physical world, the world of life, and the world of man. Dr. Shapley, the chief editor, is also an expert at presenting ideas to the layman and his prefaces and introduction rank with the best writings in the book.

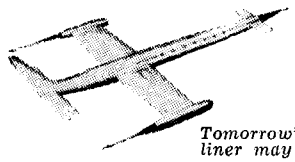
Copernicus writes about the theory that the earth moves around the sun, Newton presents his laws of mechanics, Benjamin Franklin discusses his experiments with electricity. Accounts of current advances cover a wide range of subjects from Alexander Fleming's story of how he discovered penicillin to reports of the Atomic Energy Commission about the military and peacetime uses of plutonium and other nuclear materials. The final part of the book, a new section added in this edition, deals with science and the future. We can look forward to new synthetic chemicals, atomic power, space flight, and the accelerating development of ingenious electronic calculating machines which will take dictation, predict weather—and learn as they go. In a concluding essay Raymond Fosdick, former head of the Rockefeller Foundation, asks whether, with all our advances, we can curb our "mounting capacity to destroy": "Science must help us in the answer, but the main decision lies within ourselves." —JOHN PFEIFFER.



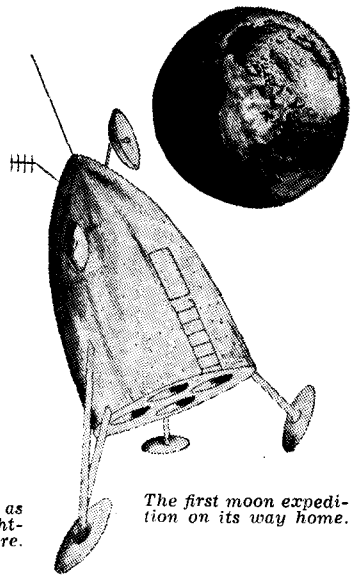
The Herrick convertiplane with mounted rotor which serves as an upper wing in flight.

Erik Bergaust's own convertiplane design.

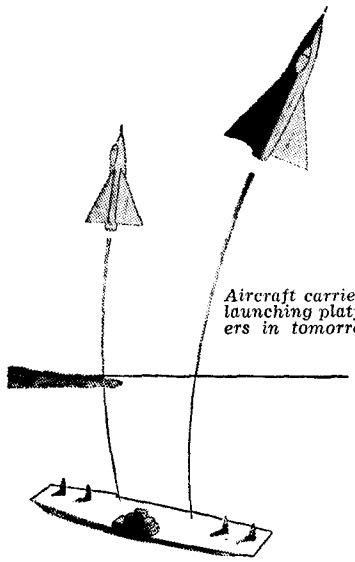




Tomorrow's Atlantic airliner may look like this.



The first moon expedition on its way home.



Aircraft carriers may find a use as launching platforms for VTO fighters in tomorrow's naval warfare.

Turbojet displacement in a typical super-fighter fuselage.

TOMORROW'S AIRPLANES: Bernt Balchen has been flying on aviation's advancing frontiers ever since he served as a pilot on Byrd's trans-Atlantic attempt in 1927. From his decades of experience he spins out some fascinating predictions for the layman in **"The Next Fifty Years of Flight"** (Harper, $3), with the help of aviation newsman Erik Bergaust. Covering everything from the backyard helicopter to four-billion-dollar space stations, Colonel Balchen indicates that the second half of aviation's first century will be every bit as startling as its first. The personal plane problem will be licked by the "convertiplane," combining fixed-wing speed with rotor-wing maneuverability, while commercial airlines will offer two-hour jet trips between New York and London. Supersonic fighters controlled electronically from a mother-ship transport plane, the Navy's delta-wing Sea Dart, and the vertical takeoff fighters will figure in air warfare until the guided missiles take over. Finally there will be inflatable plastic space stations, erected for military purposes, but essential to the first flight to Mars in 2005 A.D. This enthusiastic book is fully illustrated by photographs, drawings, and diagrams.

—THOMAS E. COONEY.

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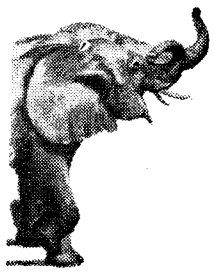
Books for Young People



WITH this issue we inaugurate a new feature which we expect to become a regular part of our monthly reviewing of children's books and which we hope will be of interest and service to our readers. Plans for other additions and changes in our coverage will be announced in the next few months.

We shall have each month a report on a book first published some years ago that is still loved and read today. It may be a new edition, a reprint, or just a perennial favorite of children.

Laura Ingall Wilder's beloved "Little House" series is an example of the kind of books that will be discussed. It is appropriate to begin with it because of a high honor lately accorded Mrs. Wilder. The Children's Library Association has just established a new award to be given every five years to an author who over a long period has made a continuing and distinguished contribution to children's books. Named The Laura Ingalls Wilder Award, the first presentation was made to Mrs. Wilder at the recent American Library Association convention. Fittingly, Garth Williams, who illustrated the new uniform edition of the "Little House" series published last year, designed the medal.

—FRANCES LANDER SPAIN.

ELEPHANT HERD. *By Miriam Schlein. Illustrated by Symeon Shimin. William R. Scott.* $2. In rhythmic text and striking pictures Miriam Schlein and Symeon Shimin tell the story of two little elephants who learn the full meaning of independence the hard way. The mysteries of the African jungle, of open grass-covered plains, and of the wide Zambesi River form the background for their adventures. Little children will learn from these adventures, as did the baby elephants, that independence comes gradually as each one adds to and draws from the strength of his group. Though there is a considerable amount of text, the excellent illustrations in green, black, and gray make it an exciting picture book.

PUMPKIN, GINGER, AND SPICE. *By Margaret G. Otto. Illustrated by Barbara Cooney. Henry Holt.* $2. Because the three little dachshund puppies were the color of pumpkin pie, ginger cookies, and spice cake they were named Pumpkin, Ginger, and Spice by their owner, Miss Marvelous, who ran the village bake-shop. One excitement after another centered around the puppies, the shop, and its customers. Barbara Cooney's wonderfully humorous illustrations for this easy-to-read story of real animals and people will add to the younger child's enjoyment of it.

THE ZOO COMES TO YOU. *By Burr W. Leyson and Ruth Manecke. Illustrated by photographs. E. P. Dutton.* $2.95. Thirty-one animals are pictured in this book about the Children's Zoo, the special enclosure of the Bronx Zoo where children are allowed to touch and handle small and baby animals. Burr W. Leyson, who has done a similar book on preying mantises, and Ruth Manecke, educational assistant in charge of the Children's Zoo, have described the personalities of the animals with their habits, food, native habitat, and peculiar characteristics emphasized, and have told stories about them and the children who flock to see them. Large full-page photographs illustrate the book. Children will find here their favorite animal friends: Murp and Jum, the parakeets; Petunia, the skunk; and Sleepy, the hamster.

RACHEL. *By Mina Lewiton. Illustrated by Howard Simon. Franklin Watts.* $2.50. The distance between uptown and downtown New York seems to adults today a long enough subway ride; to children of the early 1900's the two sections were worlds apart. In this book for younger girls the threat of moving to that far-off place Uptown, of leaving the familiar neighborhood, of separation from playmates hung over eleven-year-old Rachel and her little brother Herman. When the move was made the children were delighted to find that the old furniture quickly transformed the new apartment into home, and that new friends were waiting to play the same beloved games.

This is a story about warm and happy family life, about a mother whose instantaneous response to every new idea was "Positively No," but who on second thought accepted all changes for the good of her family, and about Rachel beset by problems and pleasures incident to growing up. Howard Simon's delicate line drawings recapture the lower East Side and interpret the children and their friends.

THE HOUSE OF THE FIFERS. *By Rebecca Caudill. Decorations by Genia. Longmans, Green.* $2.75. When Monica's father becomes worried about her gay companions and parties, resulting in low school marks, he sends her to spend the summer on a Kentucky farm with her cousins. After an initial period of rebellion she adjusts to the new way of life and gains a maturity which enables her to face a later crisis in her life. Miss Caudill has written this book for girls in their early teens, and those who liked her "Barrie and Daughter" and "Tree of Freedom" will find Monica's experiences interesting and real. There is a warm, vibrant quality in the writing which may be one of the reasons why it was chosen as a runner-up in the older boys and girls group of the *Herald Tribune's* Spring Book Festival Awards.

—AUGUSTA BAKER.

THE WRECK OF THE SAGINAW. *By Keith Robertson. Illustrated by Jack Weaver. Viking Press.* $2.50. A small lifeboat, a crude homemade sextant, a penciled ship's log, a diary—these meager relics which the author saw in the museum at the U. S. Naval Academy when he was a midshipman—provided the starting point for a fictional recreation of a nineteenth-century tragedy. When the U. S. S. *Saginaw* was wrecked on Midway Island five men dared the open sea in a lifeboat to bring back aid from Hawaii, 1,500 miles away. Only one—the youngest—survived, but rescue was sent to the marooned crew. Mr. Robertson's gift for characterization, his tight, unemotional writing, his matter-of-fact style serve admirably to describe the comradeship and the courage, the privations and the suf-

—By Barbara Cooney for "Pumpkin, Ginger, and Spice."

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ferings, and the elemental struggles of the lifeboat's crew. It is a handsome book, appropriately illustrated. Some of the drawings were made by the *Saginaw*'s captain. For older boys and their fathers.

—AILEEN O'BRIEN MURPHY.

HORSES ARE FOR WARRIORS. *By William E. Sanderson. Illustrated by Pers Crowell. Caxton Printers.* $3.50. A sound knowledge of the history and customs of the Nez Perce Indians and a familiarity with and love of the Oregon country they inhabited give authority to this exciting story of a crippled warrior and his mastery of the tribe's first horses.

Behind the description of the young brave's capture of the half-wild Appaloosas is the author's own first-hand experience in breaking and training horses, and behind the account of the chief's machiavellian maneuvering is a thorough understanding of the principles of primitive politics.

There is enough action here to please the most avid Wild West fan. Lame Wolf's theft of the enemy's horses, his rescue of the maiden and his shy, half surly wooing of her make interesting reading for boys of twelve and older. —A. O'B. M.

JOHN WOOLMAN: CHILD OF LIGHT. *By Catherine Owens Peare. Vanguard Press.* $3. Miss Peare gave her teen-age audience a moving presentation of a great religious leader in her "Mahatma Gandhi," and now she provides the same group with the story of another religious philosopher, John Woolman. This great Quaker teacher devoted his life to the cause of Abolition so that the Friends became the first organized group to fight slavery. It is extremely difficult to interpret the life and times of a religious leader to young people, but Miss Peare, herself a Quaker, has told this story with competence and deep understanding. John Woolman emerges as a figure of strength and wisdom, a rightful leader of a great religious movement, a man whose life should be an inspiration to young people today. —A. B.

THE POOL OF KNOWLEDGE: How the United Nations Share Their Skills. *By Katherine B. Shippen. Harper.* $2.50. In this book Miss Shippen, who has recently written "Big Mose" and "I Know a City," describes the Technical Assistance program of the United Nations, the pilot projects and dramatic demonstrations of better living and working conditions that have been set up all over the world. These include improved weaving in the Philippines, good housing in El Salvador, new highway construction in Peru, and an educational system for Thailand. Extensive historical and geographical background material makes this also a book of general interest

—By Howard Simon, for "Rachel."

about many countries of the world. A brief bibliography and a good index add to its usefulness. Eight pages of photographic illustrations give tantalizing pictures of the countries and projects described.

HAUNT FOX. *By Jim Kjelgaard. Illustrated by Glen Rounds. Holiday House.* $2.50. Mr. Kjelgaard, who writes prolifically of wild and pet animals, usually for older boys, has here told the story of Star, a six-toed red fox, for younger boys. It is also the story of Jack, a farmer's son as he grows up, and of Thunder, his dog. Star is so cunning that he can elude dogs and hunters alike and so earns for himself the name of haunt fox. Attempts to catch him and the excitements of the chase lead to a fine climax. Glen Round's line drawings head each chapter.

Hardy Perennial

WHEN the Limited Editions Club made its recent predictions of twentieth-century classics they omitted the juvenile field, or the "Little House" books by Laura Ingalls Wilder would surely have been named.

Since they were first published in 1932 Mrs. Wilder's eight chronicles of her childhood-to-marriage years in a pioneering family have claimed a place beside Louisa May Alcott's "Little Women," *et seq.* Through the years they have been purchased with such fidelity that Harper decided to bring out at $2.50 a volume a new, uniform edition, designed by Helen Gentry and illustrated by Garth Williams. It was released last November in a first printing of 200,000 copies, or 25,000 each for "Little House in the Big Woods," "Little House on the Prairie," "Farmer Boy," "On the Banks of Plum Creek," "By the Shores of Silver Lake," "The Long Winter," "Little Town on the Prairie," and "These Happy Golden Years." Pa Ingalls, who played "Pop Goes the Weasel" on an Amati violin, was restless, and he'd no sooner settle Ma and the children in a log cabin in Wisconsin than on they would move to a shack in Oklahoma, a sod hut in Minnesota, a claim shanty in the Dakotas. Laura Ingalls is a little girl in the first book, eighteen and being wooed by Amanzo when the series ends.

The eighty-seven-year-old author is still living on the farm in the Ozarks that she and Almanzo came to by covered wagon in 1894; and until recently she tried to answer individually the thousands of letters she receives. "The books are worn and the dots pressed down," wrote a class at the Los Angeles School for the Blind, "but we never miss a word." And the youngsters always want to know what has happened to the real-life characters in her books, her parents and sisters. "Are Carrie, Mary, and Grace still living and, if they are, are they with you?" is the typical question of a boy in Topeka. "How long did you teach school? Do you have any grandchildrun? Do they read your books too? If they don't, they're missing something." Seven years ago Mrs. Wilder, who has but one daughter, the novelist Rose Wilder Lane, reported to her young fans: "Pa and Ma died years ago and Mary soon after. Grace followed them several years ago and Carrie died last June, so I am the only one of the family left . . . The 'Little House' books are stories of long ago [but] it is still best to be honest and truthful; to be happy with simple pleasures and to have courage when things go wrong."

—ROCHELLE GIRSON.

—By Garth Williams, for "Little House in the Big Woods."

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Writing

Continued from page 19

lust for destruction, a lust which is "in accord with all the laws of Nature." As Mr. Gorer remarks, the thought that "political attitudes might be the resultants [of] unconscious desires" could make little sense to Western people nearly a century before Pareto, and only our own generation can appreciate fully the prophetic political intuition of this self-educated *philosophe*.

In 1777 a scandal involving a young servant girl at a château made the police catch up with him at last. The prime mover, however, of the harsh measures taken against him now was his mother-in-law, who loathed him not least as the seducer of her unmarried second daughter. The strong-willed wealthy lady was granted a *lettre de cachet* by which her son-in-law was to be kept in "preventive imprisonment." He did not regain his liberty until 1790. Most of that time he was held in the Bastille, from one of whose windows he is said to have harangued passers-by some days before the famous July 14.

He made a career of a sort during the Revolution. He had been an indefatigable writer in prison; now, some of his fiction was published, and the Comédie Française produced one of his plays. He entered a militia regiment, sat on the bench of one of the revolutionary tribunals, and delivered the official eulogy for Marat. But at the height of the Terror he was arrested for "moderantism." (This is the episode on which Mr. Gorer bases his claim "that a person who could analyze so clearly the brutality of others [may well] find . . . brutality disgusting and abhorrent.")

SET free after a few months, Sade began fighting for the restitution of his sequestered property. But since his name, through an error, was on the list of royalist émigrés, his efforts were vain. He published much in those years, some of it anonymously, and he also had considerable success as a playwright. His earnings, however, being invariably devoured by inflation, he soon found himself penniless; for a while he eked out a living as a theatre usher. A *roman à clef* about Napoleon and Josephine which he published sealed his fate. In 1801 he was taken into custody under a pretext, and finally committed to the asylum at Charenton as "an incorrigible man in a perpetual state of sexual dementia [whose] character is inimical to obedience." His favorite pastime in the grim place was staging theatricals with a cast of inmates. When he died in 1814 at Charenton, Sade had spent twenty-eight years of his life behind iron bars.

Not all of his literary output has come to light yet, despite the ardor of the Sade specialists over the past fifty years. Professor Hobart Ryland's new translation of a heretofore unpublished short novel, **"Adelaide de Brunswick"** (Scarecrow Press, Washington, D.C., $3.50)—definitely a minor and surely not a salacious piece of fiction—is the latest fruit of that zeal. There is a bibliography of unprinted material, as well as of all printed items, in Simone de Beauvoir's volume of selections, **"Marquis de Sade"** (Grove Press, $5). Her collection partly overlaps with Mr. de Saint-Yves's. Readers who wish to acquaint themselves with the basic trends of Sade's moral, philosophical, and political thought cannot do better than study his pamphlet "Frenchmen, a Further Effort If You Wish to Be Republicans!" The only political piece by Sade that had a mass circulation, this pamphlet was distributed during the revolution of 1848 as propaganda material. But Sade's ideas are apt to chill rather than inflame the masses.

In a way, his point of departure as a political thinker was the "deicide" that he saw behind the regicide of 1793. His own atheism, for all his blasphemy, did not make him happy, and he often had recourse to shopworn sophisms to prove it to himself. Still his final and, in his day, far from shopworn position was that "[man] is fortuitously on this earth . . . a creature like plants and animals." The ideal regime for him was a "kind of reasonable anarchy," according to Simone de Beauvoir. Unlike his revolutionist contemporaries, whose darling word was "virtue," he did not fool himself or others; unlike later Utopians, he did not speak of a "period of transition" bound to bring about the millennium. Constant insurrection—a "logic founded on passions" (Camus) resulting in rebellion *à outrance*—was Sade's millennium.

Shades of Hitler's "dynamisms"? Yes. And behind them, there also lurk the shades of concentration camp society.

BUT is the present interest in Sade explained only by the kinship of his revolutionary arguments to the totalitarian societies established in the name of national or social liberty? Simone de Beauvoir, in her daring and brilliant study, suggests that there may be more to the fascination exerted on twentieth-century readers by

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 579

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 579 will be found in the next issue.

G TGP JYWH RE G

SOCWD CT DUCDYU LQC

FUYY GP GJFCO QU'E

PCF GYCPU RP FQU LGN

QU TUUYE GHCWF

QRZEUYT.

—AGJB JGOECP.

Answer to No. 578

It has been said that the only reason for man's taking a wife is that without one life is too untroubled.—Langdon Mitchell.

Cat

By Edward Shenton

MORE swift than Hogarth's
crayon could preserve,
The line of cat moves
crisply, in a curve
Beginning here and
ending over there;
A parabolic flight
from floor to chair.

And instantly the
bent bow of its back
Lets fly the clawed dart;
feckless mouse in track
Is taken at the
rigored pause of flight,
Screaming within its own
eternal night.

Now languid with
its motion and its feast,
The liquid cat voice,
unctuous as a priest,
Gives thanks for food
and rest: its soul in keep,
Completes a circle on
the rug, to sleep.

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Sade's theories. He tried, so she submits, to "penetrate beyond human artifice to the mysterious heart of the real":

> In order to escape the conflicts of existence, we take refuge in a universe of appearances . . . Sade's immense merit lies in his taking a stand against those abstractions . . . No one was more passionately attached to the concrete than he. He never accepted what "everyone says" . . . He adhered only to the truths which were derived from the evidence of his actual experience . . .

But:

> According to the philosophy Sade borrowed from his age, sensation is the only measure of reality . . . Virtue, chimerical and imaginary, encloses us in a world of appearances: whereas vice's intimate link with the flesh guarantees its genuineness . . . It is only in crime that [man] justifies and fulfills himself as a concrete ego. If poor man resigns himself and vainly tries to fight for his fellows, he is maneuvered and duped, an inert object, a plaything of Nature; he is nothing.

Mme. de Beauvoir asks, in an essay in her volume: "Must we burn Sade?" It might be comforting if we could. But the madman of Charenton keeps disturbing us—and far more today than fifty years ago, when the Dadaists, with whom he was all the rage, raucously ushered in this rebellious century.

Tri-Partite Shaw

"Men and Supermen: The Shavian Portrait Gallery," by Arthur H. Nethercot *(Harvard University Press. 321 pp. $5), is a* catalogue raisonné *of the characters of GBS that tells a good deal about their creator. Professor William Irvine of Stanford University, who reviews it here, is the author of "The World of GBS."*

By William Irvine

ARTHUR H. NETHERCOT'S "Men and Supermen" is at once a lively book on George Bernard Shaw and an authoritative guide to his characters, grouped according to sex, race, nation, calling, beliefs, intellectual and moral qualities, but more particularly according to the three basic types—realist, idealist, and Philistine—which Shaw himself defines in the "Quintessence of Ibsenism." Mr. Nethercot believes—in my opinion, rightly—that Shaw thought in terms of this threefold division pretty much to the end of his career. Such a view emphasizes the importance in Shaw's plays of the long debates about illusion and truth, property and revolution. It also suggests how the two debates are linked.

Shaw's Philistine embodies a narrower, perhaps less firm concept than does Matthew Arnold's. Generically, he "has no ideals." He represents mere unthinking possession. Sometimes, however, he is self-interest enlightened by low cunning, like Burgess—and on this side approaches the realist. (Both Burgess and Marchbanks think Morell a fool; in fact, the passages between Morell and Burgess in "Candida" suggest those between Manders and Engstrand in "Ghosts.") Sometimes, again, he may hold certain ideals either hypocritically, as an ambush (Ann Whitefield) or quite sincerely, for motive power (the English as a nation). On this side, the Philistine shades into the idealist. Shaw's idealist fears reality and lives among "fancy pictures" derived from convention, romance, and melodrama. His ideals are Victorian "ghosts," as the truths of the realist are vital and progressive approximations of reality. Shaw's realist is often a rebel, a mystic, a diabolonian, a nature-worshiper, a rationalist, or a socialist. Judging from Mr. Nethercot's admirable treatment of the subject, I should say that "Shaw's "realism" is at first Bohemian and radical, later nihilistic ("Geneva") and metaphysical ("Back to Methuselah").

In its neat alignment of realist, idealist, and Philistine—as in its beautifully organized discussion of truth, illusion, and property—"Candida" is very nearly the classic Shaw play, so that Mr. Nethercot does well to discuss it at length in his first chapter. His interpretation seems to me acute, sound, and convincingly documented from Shaw's other writings. According to his analysis, Morell

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is the idealist who finds he is far from ruling the roost; and Candida, as the woman of property, is a graceful, rather calculating Philistine who "trades on her contours," very safely hints at unfaithfulness, and trifles with the affections of a young man. One might add that marriage is condemned only from Marchbank's point of view—and despite his realism and his fresh insight, he is a very young man. Moreover, the choice between husband and lover is not really a choice; the imperiled marriage is not really imperiled. Shaw observes the proprieties with an almost Philistine correctness.

In this book Mr. Nethercot relates Shaw's characters to the traditional comedy of humors. He presents all the available evidence—including much that is new—for identifications with persons in real life. He joins character interpretations based on the plays with Shaw's own pronouncements made in prefaces, pamphlets, and letters. He discusses the ideas and points of view which characters represent. Here his treatments of neglected types—such as Feminists and priests—as well as of many types already much discussed—such as artists, politicians, critics, and journalists—make important contributions to Shaw scholarship and interpretation. Mr. Nethercot knows his subject thoroughly. He writes in a lively and amusing manner. He is accurate, judicial, and cautious, though ready to make a clear pronouncement when it seems warranted. "Men and Supermen" should prove interesting to general readers and invaluable to scholars, critics, and producers.

Writing Notes

NEGRO NOVELISTS: The diversity of social and racial groups in this country has always been reflected in our fiction. In recent years there has been an expanding number and scope of novels by Negro writers, which are part of this main current. Carl Milton Hughes in **"The Negro Novelist"** (Citadel Press, $4) carefully examines the publications of these writers between 1940 and 1950. He finds that in general the novels fall into one of four categories: the bitter protest against discriminations ("Native Son" the best known), the simply realistic rendition of Negro life, the conflict between blacks and whites (including miscegenation), and universal themes not confined to Negroes ("Knock on Any Door" and "The Foxes of Harrow" the best known).

Mr. Hughes's analyses and criticisms are thorough, scholarly, and sensitive; and he soundly sets the novels in the framework of sociology and of other contemporary fiction. Since Ralph Ellison's "Invisible Man" does not fall in his decade, he gives only a brief mention of this book, an important departure from previous works by Negro writers. In general he shows that, although there may not be a "Negro novel," there are some Negro novelists who have added their solid contribution to twentieth-century American fiction.

—Robert Halsband.

MAN'S ABSURDITIES: When Gustave Flaubert died in 1880 he left an almost completed novel on the subject of man's absurdities and a mass of notes which have since served as a supplement to the novel. Both works, long popular in France, have now been translated into English. **"Bouvard and Pécuchet"** (New Directions, $3.75) concerns the exploits of two middle-aged Parisian clerks who retire to a farm in Normandy and devote themselves to the pursuit of knowledge. Bumbling, mediocre, and inept, they become embroiled in numerous misadventures as their quest for speedy learning takes them through myriad areas of culture: gardening and archeology, medicine and mysticism, religion and love. Comic in its representation, "Bouvard and Pécuchet" is Flaubert's cynical animadversion on human folly. It is pessimistic yet thoroughly entertaining, superficially a novel but more profoundly reminiscent of the satiric attitudes of Rabelais, Voltaire, and Swift. Flaubert's intention in this farcical encyclopedia, as Lionel Trilling points out in his introduction, is to pillory the culture of bourgeois democracy. The skilful translation is by T. W. Earp and G. W. Stonier.

The supplementary work, **"The Dictionary of Accepted Ideas"** (New Directions, $2), likewise an attack on bourgeois attitudes and philistinism, has been translated by Jacques Barzun. Clichés and bromides, misinformation and prejudice are acidulously "defined" by Flaubert. As amusing as "Bouvard and Pécuchet," the "Dictionary's" appeal is probably more limited for American readers because many—though far from all—of the attitudes are localized historically and geographically. Yet Mr. Barzun has ingeniously succeeded in bridging obscurities and in rendering Flaubert's difficult idiom into modern usage. Devotees of Frank Sullivan and Gelett Burgess will find Flaubert's nonsense (well, almost nonsense) definitions a welcome addition to their shelf of platitudes. Flaubert ranges from Abelard to Yvetot. In between he takes the measure of religion, militarism, literature, printing ("Marvellous invention. Has done more harm than good"), sex, and learning. "Genius. No point admiring—it's a neurosis." . . . "Earth. Refer to its four corners since it's round." . . . "Idiots. Those who differ from you." . . . "Jury. Do everything you can to get off it." . . . "Gaming. Wax indigant at this fatal passion."

Examples (more). Reader will enjoy finding his own.

Edward A. Bloom.

EARLY FAULKNER: In 1925, when William Faulkner spent six months in New Orleans, he wrote a series of sketches for the *Times-Picayune*. Eleven of them have now been reprinted as ***"Mirrors of Chartres Street"*** (Faulkner Studies, Box 102, University Station, Minn., $3.25). In this motley group the twenty-seven-year-old novelist fumbled with a variety of fictional characters and situations; and his results barely hint that he would become the firm-handed creator of a powerful mythic world of his later novels.

Two of these student exercises are interesting because they point forward to his mature work. In "The Kingdom of God" an idiot boy bellows with cosmic rage because his narcissus flower has been broken. And in "Sunset" a credulous Negro who wishes to find his way back to his African homeland ends his confused journey riddled with bullets in a Louisiana thicket. The other sketches fail for various reasons: a few are flabby imitations of Sherwood Anderson, whom Faulkner knew at that time; a few are corny sob-brother journalism in the style of Damon Runyan. The faults of the mature Faulker are evident too, particularly the strained rhetoric and the cavalier flouting of syntax. Still, like the immature work of any accomplished writer, the sketches are useful evidence of his development. —R. H.

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Fiction

Continued from page 12

Ostrowski, and she objects when people say, "Poles are Russians without money." She loves vodka and so do most of the other characters. More vodka, Carpathian and otherwise, flows here than I have encountered in any novel in some time.

Except for a few scenes like the dressmaking opening, which is realistic and well reported, this is a disillusioned view of Paris, of love, and of Kristina's life, even though we do finally get a happy ending. It is a disappointment, coming as it does from the author of "Comes the Comrade."

—ROSEMARY C. BENÉT.

GOVERNMENT GIRL ABROAD: Harrison Carter, a secretary working for the OSS in Algiers, is a "well-brought-up girl . . . who had no experiences to remember, had been in and out of every church and museum and seen nothing of life." Madeleine Benton, another OSS secretary, is "a nice young woman from a nice background" who feels that she has "never lived." Working in an overseas headquarters gives these young ladies the opportunity to live it up with a vengeance. They talk very tough, drink more bad cognac than is good for them, and are importuned, tousled, and pinched by foreign agents galore. The paths of Harrison, Madeleine, and other wartime wayfarers are interestingly traced by Ann Willets in **"Sting of Glory"** (Random House, $3.50).

Miss Willets is especially good at recreating the feverish atmosphere of the pre-invasion OSS operations. She is also effective in depicting a neglected phenomenon: the Government girl overseas, and in showing how, in a couple of instances, indifference and self-absorption could give way to a mature compassion. Miss Willets leaves something to be desired in her evaluation of the men in her novel, who are seen through a murky haze of sentiment. She seems unable to detach herself sufficiently from the misty perspective of her heroines, thus giving the novel an occasional staginess that dilutes its potential quality. Nevertheless, there is enough of interest in "Sting of Glory" to make it worth reading, and to make one look forward to its author's next effort.

—MARTIN LEVIN.

BOY ON A WALK: Joseph Redfern, aged eight, went for a walk one evening when he should have been home in bed. Therefore he was not among those present when the buzz bomb fell square on the sooty-red block of London flats known as Broughton Mansions. There were no survivors, not even Mrs. Atkins, who took care of Joseph while his mother was serving overseas in the ATS And Joseph's father had been killed fighting the Germans a year or two earlier. So here he was, a little knobby-knuckled boy, alone in the bomb-racked city. Joseph decided to walk home to the Yorkshire cottage where he and Mum had been so happy together. And because Mum had told him that he must be as brave as a lion, he kept up his courage by making small lion noises to himself as he trudged along. As you can gather, Dorothy Evelyn Smith's **"He Went for a Walk"** (Dutton, $3) is all pretty determinedly heartrending.

Mrs. Smith's considerable talent for character delineation and for describing with graphic fidelity and sensitive charm the sights and sounds of the English countryside through which Joseph makes his way are very nearly swamped by the soap-opera situations and the long-armed coincidences of this saga of Innocence at Large. All the ingredients are present: the deserter, an artist; the Gypsy Queen, with her blue and silver caravan; the beautiful Mad Lady, in the ivy-hidden house, who thinks Joseph is her own lost boy; the country vicar.

Considered with regard to current literary fashion, "He Went for a Walk" might be described as belonging to the soft-boiled school of writing. Mild, wholesome, easily-digested, guaranteed not to offend the tenderest sensibilities. Feminine readers will find it pleasant summer fare.

—SARA HENDERSON HAY.

SURREALISTIC THREESOME: John Hawkes is perhaps the only militant surrealist

Just Published

MANY of the books described below, which cannot be reviewed in this issue because of limitations of space, will be given more extended treatment in forthcoming numbers.

THE AGE OF CHAUCER. Edited by Boris Ford. Penguin Books. Paperbound, 85¢. The first volume of a survey of English literature. It covers the period from Chaucer through Spenser.

THE HEALING OATH. By André Soubiran. Translated by Oliver Coburn. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.95. The final volume of M. Soubiran's trilogy—"The Doctors," published last year combined the first two—tells of the further experiences of Jean Merac who, sick of his gadabout ways in Paris, takes up practice in a small village, where the air is blue-fresh and his patients carved old walnuts.

INDIAN CORN IN OLD AMERICA. By Paul Weatherwax. The Macmillan Co. $7.50. A well-timed investigation into that most delicious of vegetables—corn. Mr. Weatherwax tells us of its first discovery by white men in the late fifteenth century, how it was brought to Europe, and of the important part it played in the pre-Columbian Indian culture of this country.

AN INNOCENT ON EVEREST. By Ralph Izzard. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.75. The Lord-knows-what-course in the apparently endless feast of mountain-climbing books. Here, we are told of the travails of Mr. Izzard, who as a correspondent for the London *Daily Mail* tried to crash the successful Everest expedition, and ended up with his own expedition which tailed the big boys to the foot of the mountain.

THE JOURNALS OF ARNOLD BENNETT. Edited by Frank Swinnerton. Penguin Books. Paperbound, 85¢. An abridgment of the million or so words Bennett filled his journals with between 1896 and 1929.

THE LIZARD'S TAIL. By William Fain. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50. A first novel about an unstable, rude thirty-four-year-old, who marries one day and is off the next for Africa alone, where he practises the various dark arts of that continent before returning to his wife and the boring respectability of a job with the Peanut Institute.

THE MORAL FOUNDATION OF DEMOCRACY. By John H. Hallowell. University of Chicago Press. $3.50. An examination of the present state of our democracy in terms of its Hebraic-Greek-Christian antecedents. The author is currently a professor of political science at Duke University.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TREE. By Leroy Leatherman. Harcourt, Brace & Co. $3. Mr. Leatherman's second novel (his first was "The Caged Birds") deals with the marriage of a Rough Rider returned from Cuba in 1899 and a delicate, poor, filmy girl named Miss Ida.

THE PERMANENT REVOLUTION IN SCIENCE. By Richard L. Schank. Philosophical Library. $3. The dust jacket describes Mr. Schanck's books as studying the thesis "that a common method has been emerging in the different sciences which recaptures the dynamism of teleology without the fallacy of local cause and which preserves the field theory of mechanism without asserting invariance of behavior of the element." It's going to be a hot summer.

THE REMARKABLE YOUNG MAN. By Cecil Roberts. The Macmillan Co. $3.50. A biography of Joseph Severn, the young man who nursed Keats during his last days, and who later became a quick-shadow in the *haut monde* of Italy and England because of that affiliation.

THE SAGE OF CANUDOS. By Lucien Marchal. Translated by Charles Duff. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.95. Some prickly heat and crocodiles about a dysentery-ridden mystic who founds a holy city in Northeastern Brazil.

SOME DEPENDENT PEOPLES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC. By Linden A. Mander. The Macmillan Co. $6.75. An anthropological study of the effects of colonialism on the New Zealand Maoris, the Australian aborigines, and the natives of Western Samoa, New Guinea, Tonga, Fiji, and the New Hebrides.

SON OF TI-COYO. By Clément Richer. Translated by Gerard Hopkins. Alfred A. Knopf. $3. The further adventures of Ti Coyo ("Ti Coyo and His Shark," 1953), the shark man, his son, and life in Martinique.

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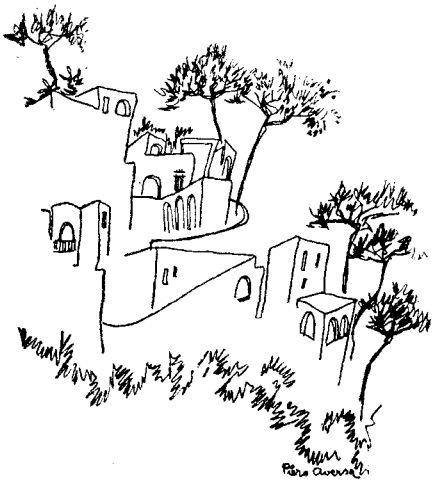

writer in America, which limits his audience to those who don't mind tasting a strange literary brew. His newest book, **"The Goose on the Grave"** (New Directions, $3), is composed of two novellas. One is about a village hangman who governs the heartbeats of his townsmen with the cruel casualness of a pagan priest. The other concerns the adventures of a small boy in the far from mutually-exclusive worlds of the military, the monastic, and the secular. Both stories are set in Hawkes's unreal but authentic version of Italy, and are so imbued with elements of timeless pertinacity that it makes little difference whether they occur "now" or in some historical, or even imaginary "then." Hardly a scene will be comprehensible to the reasonable-minded reader, yet the whole thing reverberates with overtones and afterimages, inexplicable, unresolved, but oddly affecting, even to those who will accuse him of pointless obscurity. His writing is oracular, cryptic, and cold. His narrative continuity is a succession of ill-fitting fragments which follow the sub-logic of the dream. And his purpose is often hidden from normal sight. While this book doesn't seem to me as potent as his first novel, "The Cannibal," and while posterity will not, perhaps, name Hawkes one of the major experimenters, from whose efforts arose a pervading extension of literary communication, those of us who believe that his experiment is sincerely motivated will wish him well and support his resolute refusal to compromise with the demand for effortless intelligibility. JEROME STONE.

HIGHLAND HOYDEN: For what appears to be her first novel, Pamela Hill has chosen to electrify the life of Janet Kennedy, one of the extensive stable of mistresses belonging to James IV. **"The King's Vixen"** (Putnam, $3.50) is a highly seasoned dish as Miss Hill serves her up; carrot-topped Janet is not one for sublimating her libido. She bathes in her birthday suit, attends a secret pagan ritual, picks up the King of Scotland, and regards a romp in the rashes as something in the ordinary line of duty. Sometimes she moodily sees herself as a Highland vampire, draining the vitality from her nerveless beaux. Her dark fancies to the contrary, Janet has a touch of the sophomore about her, and her self-important ruminations make her more tedious than tragic. What puzzles this reader is the assurance of the publisher that "The King's Vixen" is made of sterner stuff than the "voluptuous" school of historiography. Perhaps the appended bibliography and glossary ("sprat—small herring") are intended to lend a sober note to Flaming Janet's fireworks. —M. L.

ISRAEL'S PIONEERS: The second Aliyah, or "ascent," to Palestine by European Jews began in 1905, and it is some of these people, and their sons, who now dominate and rule the state of Israel. What drove them to leave their homes in Russia and Poland, what made them dream of Israel and settle in the wastes of a dormant and distant land is the theme of **"The Spark and the Exodus"** (Crown, $3), by Benedict and Nancy Freedman.

The authors of the best-selling "Mrs. Mike" of a few seasons back, the Freedmans have indulged in a rather radical change of pace. "The Spark and the Exodus" is a deeply-felt Jewish novel, full of Jewish wisdom, humor, philosophy, and homilies. The Polish town of Tolne, from which five men and a young girl emigrate in 1906 to Palestine, some 1,500 miles away, across alien lands and dangerous marshes, is brought to warm life by the Freedmans. They project the tension under which the Jews lived and they make understandable the passionate Zionism of Joseph, who rejects Orthodox Judaism; the love his sister Deborah has for the Talmud student and pious Jew, Johanan; the canniness of Menachem, the peddler: the weakness of Saul, the consumptive weaver, and the split personality of Meir, half-Jew and half-Cossack. These are the six who undertake the journey from Tolne to Palestine.

Their adventures are real and make the stuff of a stirring novel. The peasants and Jews they come across, the obstacles they overcome, the discussions about Judaism and modernity, the tender love affair between Deborah and the pious Johanan keep the book moving at a rapid, yet thoughtful, pace. The Freedmans have produced an eloquent novel; more than that, they illuminate the Ben Gurions and other pioneers of Israel who helped create Israel and who lead it today. —HAROLD U. RIBALOW.

SR's Library Poll

THREE new biographies show up this week for the first time on our poll of books currently popular with the patrons of large city libraries. Two are autobiographies: #12, Lillian Roth's "I'll Cry Tomorrow," an account of the songstress's bout with alcohol and narcotics, and #19, Ben Hecht's "A Child of the Century," the story of a popular and extremely talented writer's bout with the world. #17, Nancy Mitford's "Madame de Pompadour," transports its readers to a more romantic time and place, the court of France's Louis XV.

TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **Not As a Stranger**
   by Morton Thompson (F)*
2. **But We Were Born Free**
   by Elmer Davis (G)**
3. **The Dollmaker**
   by Harriette Arnow (F)
4. **The Mind Alive**
   by Harry and Bonaro Overstreet (G)
5. **Mary Anne**
   by Daphne du Maurier (F)
6. **The Power of Positive Thinking**
   by Norman Vincent Peale (G)
7. **Never Victorious, Never Defeated**
   by Taylor Caldwell (F)
8. **Minutes of the Last Meeting**
   by Gene Fowler (G)
9. **Forty Plus and Fancy Free**
   by Emily Kimbrough (G)
10. **The Royal Box**
    by Frances Parkinson Keyes (F)
11. **Gone With the Wind**
    by Margaret Mitchell (F)
12. **I'll Cry Tomorrow**
    by Lillian Roth (G)
13. **I Led Three Lives**
    by Herbert A. Philbrick (G)
14. **Sweet Thursday**
    by John Steinbeck (F)
15. **Cell 2455, Death Row**
    by Caryl Chessman (G)
16. **Bless This House**
    by Norah Lofts (F)
17. **Madame de Pompadour**
    by Nancy Mitford (G)
18. **A Time to Love and a Time to Die**
    by Erich Maria Remarque (F)
19. **A Child of the Century**
    by Ben Hecht (G)
20. **Sayonara**
    by James A. Michener (F)

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* (F)—Fiction
** (G)—General

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NEW EDITIONS

The Renaissance Revived

WHEN Jacob Burckhardt published "The Civilization of the Renaissance," in 1860, *Kulturgeschichte* came of age. This new kind of history was not a chronicle of events, not a complex of biographies, not an exposition of the divine will's role in the affairs of men, but the study of a whole culture, an attempt to understand the ethos of an entire people.

Burckhardt has had many followers, some of whom have rivaled him, but he remains secure in his position, doubly crowned in recognition of his services as a pioneer and in acknowledgment of his enduring merit. He is an historian who is chary of generalizations and wary of conclusions based upon insufficient evidence. And he is a model of objectivity—see, for example, his handling of the charges and evidence brought against the arrogant humanists in the sixteenth century. Briefly, his book may be described as an elaboration of Michelet's famous remark that the Revival of Learning was marked by the discovery of the world and the discovery of man. Specifically, he finds keys to the ferment of the Italian Renaissance in the unbridled individuality of the men who made it—an individuality encouraged by the contempt for law and order that was inevitable in city-states where illegitimate governments were the rule—and in the interaction of classicism and "modern" minds abounding in energy and enchanted by the discovery of antique models. "We must insist upon it as one of the chief propositions of this book," he writes, "that it was not the revival of antiquity alone, but its union with the genius of the Italian people which achieved the conquest of the Western world." The new individualism gave rise to a desire for fame, and this resulted in the cult of great men and the cultural rivalry of cities. We, the heirs of all the ages, can only marvel when we read that "Bologna is said to have sometimes devoted the half of its public income (10,000 ducats) to the university." But there is much more than this to marvel at in "The Civilization of the Renaissance in Italy"—and one may marvel cheaply, for the book is now in the Modern Library ($1.45), with an introduction by Hajo Holborn.

Publius Papinius Statius (*circa* A.D. 50-95) was one of the ancient authors to whom Italian writers of the Renaissance turned for inspiration and guidance; but they had no copy of Statius's "Achilleid" comparable to the edition that has been prepared by O. A. W. Dilke, with introduction, apparatus criticus, and notes (Cambridge University Press, $4.25). One must look elsewhere for a translation of this famous fragment of the Silver Age, but Mr. Dilke has furnished his Latin text—edited from manuscripts in English, French, and German libraries—with every possible aid to understanding.

FROM Cambridge comes another even more elaborate work of erudition—"Heraclitus: The Cosmic Fragments" ($9.50), edited with introduction and commentary by G. S. Kirk. Heraclitus, who was known to antiquity as the "obscure" philosopher, and who is known to most readers today only as the author of two immortal words, is subjected in this volume to a scrutiny that dispels as much of his obscurity as the best modern scholarship can dispel. His cosmic fragments—"those whose subject-matter is the world as a whole, as opposed to men"—are minutely analyzed and interpreted, textually and philosophically. In many cases the pages of commentary are more numerous than the lines, or even the words, of the original "saying." Mr. Kirk examines the findings of his predecessors in the field, and more frequently than not disputes them. From this rigorous ordeal of explication Heraclitus emerges as the first great philosophical relativist.

Middle English presents no repellent difficulties to the earnest student, but it is not quite as easy to master as Saintsbury once claimed, and its difficulties do stand today as a thorny hedge between Chaucer and many persons who would like to read him in his own language. For them there have been made quite a few translations of "The Canterbury Tales" into modern English, the latest of which—R. M. Lumiansky's (Rinehart Editions, 95¢)—is a spirited, faithful version by a writer who, like his great original, is not afraid to handle the dirt that is an integral part of human life.

Highly recommended Penguin Books: Dostoievsky's "The Devils" ($1); Douglas's "South Wind" (65¢); "Jane Eyre" (65¢).

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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Catching the Book Crooks

Continued from page 7

parted. The detective eyed the bald man searchingly, then removed his hat and quickly replaced it. The bald man hurried off without noting the signal or Heinle, who, in response to it, slipped from a doorway and followed him. Bergquist smiled benevolently at the shop in general and at the book dealer in particular, then retired to the ceiling-high book shelves. He selected and examined old volumes. Presently he left the shop. He was no longer smiling.

Neither was the dealer. No sooner had Bergquist left than the dealer locked the street door and took the pamphlets into a closet containing a shelf of old, richly bound books and some chemical equipment. He heated a large spoon and, using a bowl as a flatiron, hurriedly smoothed out the embossing on the pamphlets. But before he had finished the street door resounded with sharp knocking. Two stocky men entered and showed their badges. They stepped to the open shelves.

"These books," one barked, "have been recognized as stolen from public or university libraries. And you've got rarer books, real gems, you keep somewhere else."

The dealer glanced involuntarily toward the closet. The detectives pushed their way inside. "Here's your gem casket," one cried. "These books are treasures that libraries or rare-book collectors have reported stolen. They're worth thousands! And you are Jack Harrison, the most versatile of the master book crooks!"

"Who says I'm a crook?" roared the paling Harrison.

"We do," replied the detective. "And so does Bergquist."

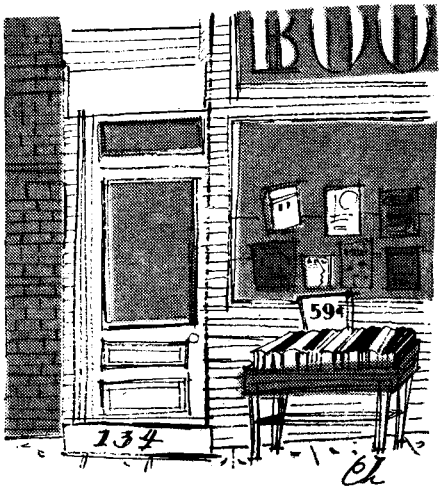
"Bergquist!" muttered Harrison, taken aback. "Every book dealer knows *him*. He was just here—and I—"

He stopped suddenly, guiltily. Thus was caught the foremost of a little-known type of criminal. Although Harrison was crude, almost unlettered, he had made nearly $150,000 through the theft of rare and valuable books. Even more surprising, he was a Fagin who successfully tempted men better educated than he to "travel" for him; he told them what books to steal, from what libraries, and taught them tricks of thievery. Then he sold the books they stole, at prices far higher than he paid these "traveling men," to other dealers—or to unprincipled collectors who asked no questions.

When Harrison was arrested, Bergquist thought he might catch the clever-est of Harrison's stooges. This, he believed, was the bald man he had seen in the shop. He had noted that the man matched descriptions of both Olsen and Dr. Nelson, the audacious thief who specialized in looting the libraries of universities and theological schools. Still, Bergquist had seen the bald man do nothing criminal. All he could do then was give Heinle the raised-hat signal to follow his suspect. Heinle had done his best, but he had lost the bald man in the crowd. On top of this disappointment, Harrison refused to confess that the bald man or anyone else was his "traveling man." The book dealer went to prison, but while Bergquist had won an important battle, he had not won his private war on the book crooks.

NEVERTHELESS, Bergquist continued his slogging patrol, his distribution of the bald man's description, and his patient inquiries of honest book dealers. Thus warned, and with Harrison locked up, the book thief found it so hard to develop any other market for his purloined volumes that he became desperate and took foolish chances. So, one morning Bergquist's newspaper contained news that made him drop his coffee cup.

One Jens Olsen had been arrested, charged with buying stolen goods from a burglar. There was nothing said about Olsen being a book thief, and Bergquist discovered that the police knew nothing when he visited headquarters. But one look at the prisoner showed the amateur detective that he had been right; the man answered the description of Olsen given him by the honest book dealer and the description of Nelson given by the libraries. Soon, by friendly questioning, Bergquist got the man's admission that he was both



Olsen and Nelson, and obtained his story of how he had succumbed to Harrison.

That fat Fagin, Olsen said, had persuaded him that stealing rare books from libraries was not really criminal like stealing from individuals; furthermore, it was easy. Harrison had studied catalogues to learn what libraries possessed what worthwhile books, then had planned Olsen's itinerary for many a tour of thievery. He had given his emissary a capacious overcoat with large inside pockets in which he could conceal the books he stole.

When the Immigration authorities cracked down on Olsen, Harrison had suggested to him a new sort of venture in international crime. He had proposed that when Olsen was deported he should take to Europe with him, disguised between commonplace bindings, quantities of valuable stolen books. In London he should take them to certain book dealers. Olsen did so, and the dealers bought some of the books at good prices. Others of Olsen's books, however, bore stamped library marks that he dared not try to erase. But Harrison had told him of a place where he could get even this delicate job done, at no less than one of the most skilful binderies in the world, which restored old books and manuscripts for libraries. Olsen scraped up an acquaintance with one of its craftsmen and propositioned him.

The Englishman accepted books from which Olsen had torn the library-stamped portions, which usually were corners of titled pages. The Englishman then matched the paper of the torn pages with old paper from the bindery's stock, either exactly or by imitating aging of the paper with chemicals and heat. Then he wove that paper into the torn page by a secret process, thus replacing the torn-off sections. If printing had been on the torn-off section, it was replaced from old types, imprinted by hand with ink mixed especially to match the old ink. Fraudulent bills of sale were printed. With his tinkered books, Olsen returned as a sailor to New York, exulting at having achieved a perfect job which he thought he could repeat indefinitely.

He stole more books, returned five times to England to have them treated, then came back and sold them here. He had his "European Cultural Society" stamp made, and used it on many volumes because he thought it would divert suspicion. But Bergquist sent out a warning against the stamp, and it, like Olsen himself, became too familiar to honest book dealers. Fearing he would be ambushed by Bergquist, he picked up

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street loafers and sent them to sell his wares to Fourth Avenue dealers. But his derelict salesmen would accept five dollars for a hundred-dollar book. Sadly, Olsen crawled back under Harrison's thumb. The beefy book dealer abetted him in thievery but shaved his prices. Once he paid Olsen ten dollars for a book Harrison then sold for $500. Olsen was sure Harrison had got $5,000 for the theological pamphlets for which he had paid Olsen $500. Then, Olsen claimed, an apparently honest friend sold Olsen a typewriter without telling him it was stolen, and the police arrested him for receiving stolen goods.

It was by friendly questioning that Bill Bergquist got the foregoing story from Olsen. Sizing him up while pumping him, Bergquist recognized the type from his varied life experience. The man was weak, but not naturally vicious or anti-social. So Bergquist said: "You say you didn't injure anybody, but actually you in-

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

THE WOMEN IN THEIR LIVES

Nan Cooke Carpenter of Missoula, Montana, offers the following women of great importance in the lives of certain well-known authors, some by reason of their good traits and influences, others quite the opposite. On a basis of ten points for each double (or triple) identification, a score of sixty is so-so, seventy good, eighty or more laudable. Answers on page 40.

1. Long after his death it was found that one of the most stolidly respectable of England's poets had had as mistress the daughter of a French royalist whom he was unable to marry when their child Caroline (long thought to be his sister) was born, because of the war between France and England, but whom he and his sister visited many years later.
2. When his bride of less than a month refused to leave her father's (royalist) household and return home with her Puritan husband, he produced four tracts on divorce, justifying mental incompatibility as sufficient grounds, but two years after the marriage his wife came to him voluntarily, bore him three children, and was immortalized after death in a tender sonnet.
3. Two young ladies, each named Esther, figured large in the life of a "spleenetic," satirical dean: no one yet knows whether or not he actually married one, with whom he maintained a sprightly correspondence in their own "little language"; at the same time, he responded warmly to the attentions of the other, to whom he also wrote letters as well as a poem.
4. The wife of one of America's leading poets and insurance men was the model for the head on the back of our (non-Roosevelt) dime.
5. Her health undermined (according to the report of friends) by long posing in a bathtub for Millais' drowning Ophelia, the wife of a Pre-Raphaelite painter and poet (formerly his model) died less than two years after her marriage of an overdose of laudanum; her husband entombed his manuscript poems in his wife's coffin, from which they were disinterred for publication seven years later.
6. Long after this brave old woman, wife of a bricklayer, heard that her son had been imprisoned for caricaturing King James in a play and might have his ears and nose cut off, she showed him "a paper which she had (if the Sentence had taken execution), to have mixed in ye prisson among his drinke, which was full of Lustie strong poison & that she was no churle she told she minded first to have Drunk of it herself."
7. Having only dream children of his own, this London eccentric in his middle age "adopted" a motherless little girl, daughter of a Cambridge beadle, and with his author sister cherished, educated, and saw her married to a young publisher whom he had also aided in getting established.
8. After the death of his first wife (to whom he was much attached) he married her former maid, by whom he had a child three months after the wedding, telling friends that he could not find a better mother for his children or nurse for himself—a statement fully justified by events.
9. First cousin and child bride (destined to remain a child in mind, too, all her short life), she was the obstacle that kept off her gifted husband's mental breakdown; and after her death of consumption ten years after the marriage, a "ludicrous series of hectic flirtations" was only a part of his descent into the misty mid region of Weir.
10. For six years she was married to one of the most elegant Victorian writers, an art critic completely dominated by his parents (his mother even lived in Oxford during his years of residence there), at the end of which time, the marriage never having been consummated, she obtained her "Order of Release" in the form of an annulment and spent many years happily married to a painter.

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jured everybody, for in our democracy libraries make the books they acquire available to all. You stole public property. You've been headed up a dead-end street to a blank wall of disgrace. But I think you're intelligent enough to grab a chance to turn around and come back. Will you go to prison for stealing rare books, or will you help undo the wrong you've done?"

Olsen's face lighted up. Eagerly he chose to help Bergquist ransack Fourth Avenue and recover many books he had stolen. In this restitution he showed such sincerity that Bergquist helped him re-establish himself in the world of honest men. Bergquist also helped Harrison—and through a strange development.

THE New York Public Library had owned a rare first edition of the Poe classic "Al Aaraaf," worth $8,000, which had vanished, together with firsts of Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" and Melville's "Moby Dick." The thief had asked at the library's rare-book room to see the three books and, upon being given them, had asked for three more rarities. An attendant had violated a library rule never to leave a rare-book reader alone by going to get the second three. Returning he had found the first three books and the thief gone.

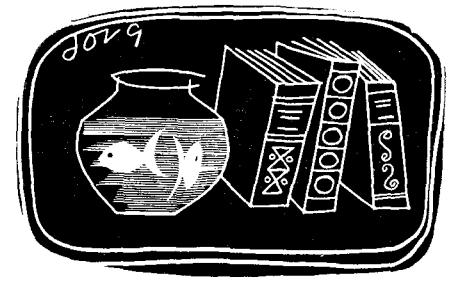
Bergquist alerted honest book dealers. Presently an incorruptible dealer reported having been offered "Al Aaraaf" for $1,800 by another dealer. But the latter, alarmed at the honest dealer's reaction, had started the "hot" book back along the underground railway. Bergquist traced it to the Fourth Avenue shop of one Harry Eizen, who protested: "'Al Aaraaf'? A stranger leaves it here to sell; I can't sell it; I give it back to him. That's all."

Bergquist decided the man to put the finger on Eizen was Harrison. The latter had had dealings with Eizen and hated him. Bergquist waited until eighteen months' imprisonment had softened up the master crook, then he visited him in jail. Yielding to Bergquist's fair speech, Harrison promised that if Bergquist would get him out of prison he would deliver up Eizen. Bergquist agreed, on Harrison's promise to go straight afterwards. Harrison kept both promises. He immediately persuaded a former book thief to offer Eizen $500 for the now white-hot "Al Aaraaf." The go-between and Eizen met in Eizen's back room. Eizen handed over the stolen "Al Aaraaf" but got only $300 because the go-between insisted on a $200 kickback. All the bills were marked. On this evidence, Eizen went to prison. This was expedited by the sudden appearance and confession of a Southern youth who said that Eizen had told him how to steal books from the library. He said he had given all three volumes to Eizen, but had no idea where the other two were. Eizen denied having ever seen them. To this day the New York Public Library has not recovered them.

Such books today are closely guarded. The "reserve" collection, numbering 50,000 volumes, is kept behind grilled iron doors installed by Bergquist. The greater danger now is theft from the general reference library, which contains nearly 4,000,000 volumes. When Bergquist was made special investigator, the general reference library was guarded by the famed gray stone lions on Fifth Avenue, and by little else. Like many other libraries, the one in New York was unwittingly tempting not only to professional book thieves but the 1 per cent of daily public-library users who, experience shows, need watching. In New York today that is nearly 35,000 persons yearly.

Some of these are crackpots who write hostile comments in books. One man obliterated whole paragraphs in a book about the British Empire, substituting scribbled abuse. Another evil genius labeled anti-Soviet publications "Lies!" and "Bilge!" and transferred pro-Soviet books to the "Books You May Have Missed" section. He was caught and got ninety days. There are many "clippers." Often they are students who, rather than take notes, cut pages from books, or articles from newspapers. In two years an artist removed 2,354 clippings, 1,062 pictures, 350 movie stills, 265 color prints, and several books; to "study them," he said. When caught, he repentantly returned them all and was let off. Most amateur thieves are people who steal books not to sell but to use or just to have and admire. One college professor took so many that he had ultimately to reinforce his floor so it would support them.

Bergquist has done much to create a rugged climate for professional book crooks. He kept warning the 20,000 libraries—public, college, and high school—of the danger to their treas-



ures; they locked them up. He kept urging honest book dealers to protect themselves and the public; today 300 leading antiquarian booksellers are organized nationally. They and most of the 2,700 rare-book dealers in the United States will not now buy a valuable book unless the seller gives a satisfactory history. Some states make it a felony to buy without inquiry a book with library markings. The *Antiquarian Bookman* pursues rare-book crooks, but today they are few indeed and only small-fry.

DEALERS, libraries, and collectors from all the country have laid their security problems in Bergquist's ample lap and four times in five he has produced a solution. The New York Public Library, eager to help others, donated his services to all who needed them. His tiny office was stacked with books sent to him as clues or evidence, some stolen, some forged.

The forgers were as clever as the thieves. Bergquist has helped the New York Public Library amass a startling collection of forgeries. It includes a battered Bible that fell out of Stonewall Jackson's pocket when he was shot at Chancellorsville. At least so said the Southerner who sold ten such Bibles, each to a different book dealer, each with the same pathetic story that the seller was descended from the owner of the house where the great Confederate general had died. The Bible was inscribed "I will do my duty and leave the rest to God. T. J. J."—in all ten copies. The forger never was caught. Nor was the man who fabricated a book Christopher Columbus dropped overboard. It was waterstained and barnacled and most convincing, save that it was written in English.

The Library also has many faked rare books. "Prime firsts" are made by replacing the title page in a common later edition with a counterfeit inscribed "first edition" in old type bought from printers. This may fool amateurs. For experts the book crook dismembers several later editions, reassembling the pages into new books, the first containing the pages in best condition, the second those in second best, and so on. He may doctor pages by bleaching or baking, or may simulate by staining with coffee or tobacco juice the brown spots of age

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Marie-Anne ("Annette") Vallon and William Wordsworth. 2. Mary Powell and John Milton. 3. Esther Johnson, Esther Vanhomrigh, and Jonathan Swift. 4. Mrs. and Mr. Wallace Stevens. 5. Elizabeth Siddal and Dante Gabriel Rossetti. 6. Ben Johnson's mother and Ben. 7. Emma Isola (Moxon), Charles and Mary Lamb. 8. Mary Daniel and Henry Fielding. 9. Virginia Clemm and Edgar Allan Poe. 10. Euphemia Gray and John Ruskin.

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called "foxing." If some pages are unusable, he may reprint them with antique types on stolen paper.

Bergquist's most difficult convert was an intelligent, rather pleasant-looking former Hollywood movie actor named Steven Wheeling. The Newark, New Jersey, Public Library nabbed him in thievery. Wheeling told Bergquist that in several years and many cities he had stolen books worth $200,000 but had been paid far less than that for them by dealers. Still, he liked books and wanted to stay in the book business, so he refused to name names. Only much persuasion convinced him that by cooperating he would gain more credit in the trade than he lost.

Wheeling has since gone straight and today is doing well. So are Olsen and Eizen. So, indeed, are all of the professional book crooks now alive whom Bergquist reformed. From many of them he receives, especially at Christmas, grateful letters and cards.

Last year one wrote him: "I dreaded you like the devil, but now I thank God you caught me." Bergquist cherishes such messages. They prove to him that, in winning his private war, he won a victory that saved not only rare books from theft and forgery, but men from ruin—and this without crippling them with a permanent sense of shame. He feels that these men have shown a courage and innate integrity that give them and their families a special claim on his regard. For this reason all their names and certain unessential facts have been changed in writing this narrative.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
DEAD AND NOT BURIED *H. F. M. Prescott* (Macmillan: $2.50)	English chicken-fanciers confront murder (reissue of 1938 chiller).	Casting, setting, excellent; treatment oversubtle.	Hand-quicker-than-eye job
FINGERPRINTS *Douglas G. Browne and Alan Brock* (Dutton: $3.50)	Subtitle: "Fifty Years of Scientific Crime Detection"; world coverage.	High-level, absorbing performance, with fine case histories.	Excellent
DON'T COME CRYING TO ME *William Ard* (Rinehart: $2.50)	Paternity puzzle baffles NY Eye Tim Dane as gangsters, hellcats block path.	Cast (especially females) remarkably unpleasant; yarn moves when let.	Up-and-down job
INSPECTOR MAIGRET AND THE STRANGLED STRIPPER *Georges Simenon* (Crime Club: $2.75)	Two Montmartre killings (f.) keep Paris cops out in miserable weather.	Treatment realistic; much Q&A; murky characters predominate.	Lively and clinical
THE BIG BOODLE *Robert Sylvester* (Random House: $2.75)	US Eye Ned Sherwood takes Cuban assignment, runs into phony dough.	Characterization spotty (some good); pace lively; local color neat.	Plus mark
KING-SIZED MURDER *William Herber* (Lippincott: $2.50)	Chi. Op. Jimmy Rehm tangles with corpses, cops (latter hostile).	Typical pistol-whipper; syntax weak, track fast.	Primitive
THE CASE OF THE RUNAWAY CORPSE *Erle Stanley Gardner* (Morrow: $2.75)	Perry Mason covers most of Cal. in his 44th hassle with murder.	New DA nice guy, but rest of cast molded to fit formula.	Strictly for ESG-ites
NO LOVE LOST *Margery Allingham* (Crime Club: $2.75)	Two novelettes in one package, both with British settings.	High degree of agitation in these yarns of gals in distress.	Fancy work
MINUS ONE CORPSE *John Cleveland* (Arcadia: $2.50)	Midwest gal finds dead woman on carpet; reports same; cops can't find.	Confusing affair, with bridge leap, vital papers, low credibility.	Not much to this one
DARK INTENT *Rae Foley* (Dodd, Mead: $2.75)	Columnist dies in Conn. atelier; lady biographer and first wife suspicious.	Nice emotional interplay gives life to tenuous yarn; no cops.	Superior

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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(*Continued on page 42*)

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(Continued from page 41)

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Cinderella in the Rossini opera.	158 169 120 66 180 63 125 174 133 46 32
B. Word usually linked with a rhyming one to mean extremely disorderly.	192 14 60 184 38 167 126 160
C. Compensation.	7 67 25 87 101 165
D. Having constant depth.	186 142 49 86 37 83 159
E. Followers.	154 147 64 129 164 39 44 95
F. Popular Victorian poet (1809-92).	73 118 17 59 193 144 2 183
G. Eighth cent. Mercian king who built defenses against the Welsh from the Dee to the Wye.	18 178 150 100
H. An amusement.	136 56 185 61 45 15 85
I. Co-star of the Paramount picture "Shane," 1953.	84 55 70 117 171 22
J. What Rupert Brooke said his grave would be "for ever."	138 57 23 177 10 68 1
K. Ease.	157 105 52 145 188 33 113
L. Regular religious service of the Society of Friends.	127 153 162 168 58 3 123
M. Sailing free: with the wind abaft the beam (comp.).	80 134 106 140 121 130 48
N. Protected place where ships may ride at anchor.	163 40 189 131 173 111 6 124 146
O. A not very intellectual person (slang; comp.).	20 69 75 51 190 29 81
P. A kiva.	114 132 170 50 98 93
Q. Rises in blisters; as cane juice during clarification.	88 119 161 11
R. Arouse.	24 116 143 41 103 4 149
S. Special dried fish eaten with Indian curry (2 wds.).	92 128 109 102 156 28 43 151 191 181
T. Author of the poem "High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire."	166 77 99 34 176 97 9
U. A tusk of the wild boar.	148 12 187 108 139
V. To impart a flavor, odor, etc.	78 175 82 71 155 135 112 8
W. Immensity.	5 65 31 76 90 53 36 110
X. Amer. Indians of low culture, in the SW.	79 89 104 95 141 42 152
Y. Enforced and extreme economy.	26 35 74 19 16 94 182 115 47
Z. A red herring (2 wds.).	27 91 107 54 21 30 13 62 172 72 137 179 122

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

■	1 J	2 F	3 L	■	4 R	5 W	6 N	7 C	8 V	■	9 T	10 J	11 Q	■	12 U	■								
13 Z	14 B	15 H	16 Y	■	17 F	18 G	19 Y	■	20 O	21 Z	22 I	23 J	■	24 R	25 C	26 Y								
27 Z	■	28 S	29 O	30 Z	■	31 W	32 A	33 K	34 T	■	35 Y	36 W	■	37 D	38 B	39 E								
■	40 N	41 R	42 X	■	43 S	44 E	45 H	46 A	47 Y	■	48 M	49 D	50 P	51 O	52 K	53 W								
–	54 Z	55 I	56 H	57 J	58 L	59 F	60 B	■	61 H	62 Z	63 A	■	64 E	65 W	66 A	67 C								
68 J	■	69 O	70 I	■	71 V	72 Z	73 F	74 Y	■	75 O	76 W	77 T	78 V	■	79 X	80 M								
81 O	82 V	■	83 D	84 I	85 H	■	86 D	87 C	88 Q	■	89 X	90 W	■	91 Z	■	92 S								
93 P	94 Y	95 X	96 E	■	97 T	98 P	■	99 T	100 G	101 C	102 S	103 R	104 X	105 K	■	106 M								
107 Z	108 U	109 S	■	110 W	111 N	112 V	113 K	114 P	115 Y	–	116 R	117 I	118 F	119 Q	120 A	121 M								
122 Z	123 L	■	124 N	125 A	126 B	■	127 L	128 S	129 E	130 M	131 N	132 P	■	133 A	134 M	■								
135 V	136 H	137 Z	138 J	139 U	140 M	141 X	142 D	143 R	144 F	145 K	146 N	147 E	■	148 U	149 R	150 G								
151 S	152 X	153 L	■	154 E	155 V	156 S	157 K	158 A	159 D	160 B	■	161 Q	162 L	163 N	164 E	■								
165 C	166 T	167 B	168 L	169 A	170 P	171 I	172 Z	■	173 N	174 A	175 V	176 T	177 J	■	178 G	179 Z								
180 A	■	181 S	182 Y	183 F	184 B	185 H	186 D	187 U	188 K	■	189 N	190 O	191 S	192 B	193 F	■								

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 9 of this issue.

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